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THROUGH FINLAND TO ST. PETERSBURG

A·M·SCOTT



GRANT RICHARDS

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THROUGH FINLAND



THE FINLAND SUMMER : View on the Vuoksi River, below Antrea

THE
ISLAND
OF
FERSBURG

STUN, SOVIET

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS
AND PHOTOGRAPHS

LONDON
GRANT RICHARDS
1938



THE INLAND SEASIDE

THROUGH
FINLAND
TO
ST. PETERSBURG

BY
A. MACCALLUM SCOTT

WITH TWENTY-FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

LONDON
GRANT RICHARDS
1908



PREFACE

THE average British reader still associates Finland in his mind with Lapland and the Arctic Ocean. He thinks of it as a snowy waste where the few fur-clad inhabitants contrive to prolong their existence on whale-blubber. The reindeer is supposed to provide the chief means of locomotion, and the polar bear to dispute the mastery of the land with man. It is difficult to remove this impression, for the very word "Finland" has come to smack of the North Pole.

In reality Finland is Arctic only in the winter. In summer the climate rivals that of the south of England. The land is covered with waving forests of pine and fir and birch, and intersected by a perfect network of silvery lakes through which the traveller can voyage hundreds of miles into the interior. It is the home of a highly cultured and hospitable people, building great cities and conducting a flourishing commerce. There is something American in the strenuous manner in which the development of the country is being pushed forward. Physically Finland resembles the great North-Western territory of Canada. It is a land of lakes, rivers, and forests,

and in both countries civilisation is brought into close contact with the wild.

Few countries in Europe offer such attractions to the traveller in search of beauty, and freshness, and rest. It is off the beaten track, yet the railway system is highly developed, and the lake steamers provide a means of locomotion which makes the journey one of the most enjoyable parts of a holiday. Finland is still unspoiled by tourists, and though larger and larger numbers of visitors are attracted every year it is likely long to retain its fresh charms.

The object of this book is both to interest the general reader in this enterprising little country, and to provide the visitor with a concise guide to the chief places and features of interest. Several chapters have also been devoted to St. Petersburg, the capital of that vast empire of which Finland forms part, where the English visitor may study institutions and ways of life so strangely different from those which he knows at home.

I have to thank my friends, Mr. C. J. Cooke, British Consul in Helsingfors; Fröken Esther Hahl, of Helsingfors University; Mr. E. Cable, of Helsingfors; Mr. A. R. Reynolds, correspondent of the *Daily News* in St. Petersburg, and many other kind and hospitable friends in Finland, for much valuable assistance. To Mr. A. Kingsmill I am indebted for several photographs.

A. M. S.

May 1, 1908.

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THROUGH FINLAND

I

THE FINLAND SUMMER

Mr. H. G. Wells' Fancy—The Arctic Winter—The Torrid Summer—The White Nights—The Verdure—Forests—Trees—Woodland Scenery—Berries—Wild Strawberries—The Children's Harvest—Exodus from the Towns—Picnickers—Bathing—Arcady—Midsummer Day—Kokko Fires—All Night Parties.

IN a wonderful passage in one of his most imaginative novels, Mr. H. G. Wells describes the coming of day in the moon. The lunar day and night together last for one complete month. For half a month the side of the moon which is turned away from the sun is bound by a more than Arctic cold. The very atmosphere, rarefied though it is, is congealed and solidified, and falls in snowy flakes into the hollows. Mr. Wells describes the coming of the monthly day, roaring like a tidal wave round the ball of the moon. The atmosphere melts and rarefies again. There

is a sudden loosening and breaking of the chains of ice. A universal thaw reveals once more the surface of the moon. Scarcely has it been seen when it is covered again by a tropic jungle. Tender green spikes and tendrils shoot up with amazing swiftness under the forcing heat of the sun. The herbage visibly grows, moment by moment, so rapidly that the groping, twining shoots seem endowed with conscious life.

Mr. Wells might almost have obtained his local colour in Finland. There summer comes rushing like a billow of green foliage. The winter lasts six months, while spring, summer, and autumn are crowded into the other six months. From November to April the Arctic snow-cap has been pushed south from the polar seas to the shores of the Gulf of Finland. The whole land has been buried under a thick mantle of snow. The lakes and rivers, and the sea itself, have been frozen solid. The ports are closed to navigation with the exception of Hangö and Åbo, though sometimes a severe winter may close these also. A little north of Åbo a post road actually exists across the surface of the Gulf of Bothnia to Sweden. "The Winter Way" is opened; the sea becomes a highway; and the sledge replaces all wheeled traffic save on the railways. For months the sun has almost disappeared, only peeping over the southern horizon at noon.

Suddenly after this Arctic winter comes a summer almost tropical in its heat. Ice and snow disappear as if by magic. The vast forests of pine and fir put on lighter shades of green, and the birches seem to burst into showers of foliage falling like fountain spray. The whole country is verdant from water's edge to water's edge, and the lakes and rivers ramify through it like a filigree of silver. Tall flowering grasses, thickets of fern, bright-coloured flowers, red, blue, and golden, spring up on every side. Harvest follows swiftly upon sowing. Myriads of brilliant hued insects flit about like rainbow flashes, and the air is alive with their murmur and with the song of birds. The hot sun distils sweet aromatic essences from the pines, from the balsamic herbs, and from the blossoms. The long winter nights are succeeded by the long summer days, For months the sun hardly sets, and midnight is only a gentler, milder noon.

The famous "white nights" of the North are a most surprising phenomenon to the visitor from southern climes. It is a weird experience to sit for the first time upon a veranda at midnight and read a newspaper, or to walk home from a restaurant at one o'clock in the morning and to see people still gossiping at the street corners or strolling along the promenades under a bright clear sky. A spirit of rest and peace is over all

the earth. The sky is bright, not with the fiery brilliancy of noon, but with a tender, gentle radiance. The colours of the landscape have become softened but not blended. There are no shadows, save for a week or two in June when the bright northern sky at midnight projects faint ghost-like shadows towards the south. The sun just dips below the horizon and no more. There is no division between the sunset and the dawn; the same faint rosy flush serves for both. A few degrees farther north and we should be veritably within the kingdom of the "Midnight Sun." A large part of Finland is indeed within the Arctic circle, and, for generations, visitors have resorted to Mount Aavasaksa, near Torneå, at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, to behold the spectacle.

Summer in Finland is, in fact, one long day. Never a star is to be seen, and when the first faint star glimmers in the south it is a sign that the summer is past, and that the autumn frosts have arrived. The long light has a marvellous effect upon the vegetation, forcing its growth at hot-house pace. The "White Nights" account both for the suddenness of the burgeoning and for the intensity of the heat. Land and water have no time to cool. One cannot fail to be struck by the enormous size of the foliage upon the oak and hawthorn trees as compared to that to which we are accustomed. Botanists have ex-

plained this as being due to the larger supply of light. It has sometimes been suggested that we could hasten the harvests by the use of artificial lights. Nature herself does this for the Finnish farmer.

The surface of Finland, save in the agricultural province of Österbotten, is covered by one vast continuous forest interspersed with the clearings of the farmer and the lumberman. Agriculture flourishes chiefly in the south-west corner, in the great plains between Helsingfors, Åbo, and Tammerfors. A primitive form of agriculture which used to prevail caused much destruction of forest. The trees were felled and burned over a tract of ground. On the soil enriched by the ashes the farmer reared excellent crops for a few years, then he moved on to a fresh patch, repeating the process. The impoverished land was left to the forest dryads to reclaim with wind-blown, or bird-carried, seedlings. Formerly, too, the lumbermen were very reckless and improvident in their depredations. Now the forests are protected by strict government regulations, and the woodcutters are compelled to leave a certain proportion of seed-bearing trees. The only danger is the forest fires which sometimes occur and work inestimable damage among this resinous timber.

The old legend of the sowing of the forest by the mythical hero Sampsa Pellervoinen, which is

embodied in the national epic, gives an excellent account of the trees of Finland and the various conditions under which they grow. In the loose earth and marshes he sowed the birches and alders, on the lower hills the fir-trees, on the strong ridges the pines, and in the firm earth the oaks. The forests now consist almost exclusively of pine, fir, birch, and alder. At one time oaks grew much more plentifully; now they are confined to the south coast. These trees cover the land in summer with a waving, shimmering mantle of green. Every hill is wooded to the summit, every island to the water's edge. The hardy pine seems to derive sustenance even from the rocks; wherever there is a crack or crevice it succeeds in rooting itself, and rears its tall mast in defiance of the storm.

The typical Finnish forest has a character of its own. There are neither high mountains nor deep ravines to lend majesty and awe to the scene. There is none of the mystery of the inaccessible. It is wild and yet accessible. It soon becomes familiar, and its charm deepens with familiarity. The most striking feature is the enormous number of granite boulders which are thickly sown over all the land, the playthings of giant glaciers of the ice age. Many of them are as large as houses. Sometimes they are so thickly strewn that one walks among them as through a

labyrinth. Their grey, lichen-covered forms rise among the trees like a field of monuments to the heroes of the age of song and legend. Their number is almost incredible, and their effect is often weird and startling.

The woods, moreover, have a thick undergrowth of berries—raspberries, cloud-berries, bilberries, cranberries, currants, and, prime fruit of all, strawberries. The marvellous abundance of these sweet little wild strawberries has given to Finland the name of “strawberry-land.” “My land is strawberry-land,” says the proverb, “the strangers’ is bilberry-land.” The bilberries and cranberries are not to be despised, for many excellent preserves and relishes are made from them; and the supply of them is almost limitless. But the fruit of Finland, *par excellence*, is the wild strawberry.

In July they are at their best. They appear at every meal, and, eaten with rich thick cream and sugar, they are the veritable nectar and ambrosia of the gods. With what zest the large basin of them is greeted at the breakfast-table. It takes hundreds to fill one’s plate and dozens to make a spoonful. They have been gathered with the morning dew upon them by the peasant children, and the breath of the pines which shaded them seems still to linger among them. Though these wild strawberries are so very small—they

are seldom larger than peas—their flavour is the more exquisite. It is the very quintessence of strawberry flavour. And they are so numerous that a large quantity is easily gathered. To wander through the woods picking berries, sampling the various flavours of strawberries, bilberries, and cloud-berries, to rest upon some grey boulder; to undress among the sheltering trees of a jutting promontory and plunge in the clear lake waters—this is to enact an idyll more perfect than any poem that ever was written.

The peasant children gather the berries in little baskets or trays, ingeniously shaped from the tough pliant bark of the birch-tree. They send them in to market in the towns, they deliver them before breakfast at the villas and country-houses, they throng the railway-stations and the landing-stages at the lake side, and they never lack customers. The little white-haired lads and lasses are very serious merchants and nimble bargainers, the girls especially. But their prices are not high. A little birch basket heaped with luscious fruit generally costs 3d. or 4d. The native custom is to eat these strawberries with a long pin, spearing them up, three or four at a time, with great dexterity. It is more dignified than tipping up the basket and pouring a stream of berries into one's mouth, a method which strangers frequently adopt, exasperated at the

slow progress made by picking up the berries singly with their fingers.

Few things are more surprising to the English visitor than that this country, situated further north than Caithness, should have a summer climate warmer than Devonshire. One arrives in Helsingfors possibly with a number of introductions, and sets about making calls. Alas, by the middle of June Helsingfors is like London in August. "There is positively nobody in town." Everybody whose means or whose business will permit it hastens with his family to a log *châlet* out on an island or in the forest, by lake or river. The wealthier flee to the more temperate lands of Europe in order to escape the tropic heat of the Finland summer. Many offices close at five in the afternoon, and it is difficult to see a business man in town after three o'clock.

But, as in London, "everybody" is a relative term. The majority of the population of the towns have no country villas to which they can resort. They make up for it by living in the open air as much as possible. The open-air restaurants, beneath the trees on the Norra Esplanad or in the parks, or on the islands Högsholmen, Klippan, and Fölisön, are the most frequented. The market folk may be seen taking their nightly rest in their little open boats drawn

up against the quay at the end of the principal thoroughfare. On Saturdays and Sundays there is a general exodus of picnic parties to the nearer islands and woods. Every Sunday has the appearance of a bank holiday with us. Steamer after steamer departs from the quay, each loaded to its fullest capacity, and labelled conspicuously with the name of the island to which it is bound. Great hampers of provisions and liquid refreshments are lugged along. Each party, moreover, has several hammocks with it, for without a hammock no Finnish picnic is complete. A beneficent Town Council provides fire-places on one of the nearer islands where kettles can be boiled. Hundreds of working men's families spend at least one day a week in this fashion.

Bathing is the great summer delight of Finland. Everybody swims, and "everybody" is here used in the widest sense. Every town has its public bathing-sheds, every villa has its little dressing-hut at the foot of the garden, on river, lake, or firth. The world seemed suddenly to have grown young again as, on the first morning, I ran down the steep path among the pines to plunge in the sweet, limpid, tideless waters of the Gulf of Finland. The scent of the pines, the rustling of the reeds, the lapping of the ripples, the warmth of the sun, and the cool freshness of the water—they are unforgettable. The

Isles of Greece have nothing to offer more exquisite.

With the advent of summer, this miraculous resurrection, the people experience the ecstasy of joy of a captive suddenly released from an underground dungeon. Everything is new, and fresh, and strange. They live in the open as simply and naturally as a primitive race who have not yet eaten of the fruits of the tree of knowledge. One seldom sees a bathing costume, even of the meagrest description, in Finland. In the towns the men's and the women's bathing-sheds are separated by a few hundred yards. In the rural districts mixed bathing is frequently indulged in by the peasants. And yet there is practically none of that "Peeping-Tom"-ism which the elaborate toilets of the fair bathers in more sophisticated lands seem to attract. One Sunday Consul Cook carried me off in a motor-boat to explore the island suburbs of Helsingfors. Sometimes as we shot through a narrow sound we could discern a file of men walking stark naked through the pine-trees down to the water's edge, or sunning themselves on the rocks. It was as if the woods were once again peopled with fauns and the rocks by Tritons. Passing another island we surprised Diana bathing with her attendant nymphs. They heeded us not. In our puffing, throbbing motor-boat, that

triumph of modern civilisation, we sailed straight into Arcady, back into the youth of the world and the primal age of innocence.

Midsummer Day is celebrated as the greatest festival of all the year in Finland, especially in the eastern provinces. The festival is held on June 24, St. John's Day, and on this day, sacred to a Christian saint, the old pagan *joie de vivre* of the Finns finds full vent. Great preparations are made beforehand. The march of Birnam Wood on Dunsinane is re-enacted. The town is buried in greenery. Every house and every shop is festooned with branches of the sacred birch-tree. The cabs and carriages, the ships in the harbour, and the boats on the lake bear the spoils of the forest. Even the remotest cabin, where there is no stranger to behold, is decked with birchen foliage. For this is not a mere fashion. It is a mystic rite, an old pagan act of worship, a survival from the dim ages before ever St. John was heard of. At heart the Finns are nature worshippers.

On St. John's Eve the *kokko* fires are kindled all over Finland. On the hill-tops, all along the shores of the lakes and firths, on the capes and islands, on floating rafts, great bonfires are kindled. As an illumination the fires are not a success, for the nights at that season are as bright as day. But these fires are not meant

for illumination; they also are a mystic rite. This is, in fact, the old pagan festival of *Beltane*, formerly celebrated by the Celtic races with *Bael* or *Baal* fires. It is the worship of the Sun, the great miracle worker of the Finland summer.

All night long the people watch the fires and make merry with singing and dancing. The lakes and firths are thronged with every kind of small craft. The little steamers, crowded to the point of danger, ply among the islands. The white-sailed yachts move silently and swiftly to and fro, like the eagle of the *Kalevala*, with one wing sweeping the waters and the other wing sweeping the sky. Small parties and couples go out in row-boats, and faint melodies float over the waters. No one seems to think of going to bed. The next day is spent in picnicking and in siestas in the woods. The grass, the flowers, the trees, the sunlight, the shadows, and the waters are an inexhaustible fountain of joy and delight.

II

THE ISLANDS

Steamship Communication with Finland—Smörgåbord—The Outer Islands—Coast Line Rising—Call at Hangö—A Fashionable Watering-Place—The Town—The Baltic Expedition—Incidents in the War—Among the Islands—The Tsar's Favourite Cruise—A Picture from the *Kalevala*—Arrival at Helsingfors.

THERE is a regular weekly service of excellent passenger steamers belonging to the Finland Steamship Company running between Hull and Helsingfors and Hull and Åbo. The North Sea is crossed in a short voyage of thirty-two hours, and thenceforward the course lies along the island-sheltered coasts of Denmark or Sweden, and across the shallow Baltic, the Northern Mediterranean. Those who desire to spend part of their holiday in Sweden, or who wish to save a day and do not mind the long railway journey to Stockholm, may leave the steamer at Copenhagen and cross by ferry to Malmö. From Stockholm steamers both of the same company and of other lines run almost daily to Hangö, Helsingfors, and St. Petersburg, or to Åbo. These, of course,

are the summer sailings. In winter there are regular services to Åbo and Hangö, the only ports which are not closed by the ice.

All the Finland Line steamers are luxuriously fitted and most comfortable. The captains and chief officers are Finns who have served a long apprenticeship in British vessels, as so many of their compatriots have done, and who speak English with perfect fluency. In the dining-saloon the traveller, if he has not already had that pleasure, will make his first acquaintance with the Scandinavian *menu*. In the centre of the room is a large table covered with an immense variety of dishes, chiefly cold. There are smoked salmon, pickled herring, sardines, anchovies, slices of hard-boiled egg, smoked eels, caviare, sausages, salads and pickles in great variety, custard, meatballs, cheese, butter, and great piles of cut bread (white and black), and a hard crisp cake (*knäckebröd*), somewhat like oat-cake. At the end of the table is a large urn with taps which yield various liqueurs. This is the *smörgås bord*, which precedes every Scandinavian meal. The diners choose their seats and then proceed to help themselves from the smörgås table, loading their plates with portions from a weird variety of dishes. They either eat it standing or return to their places at the table to enjoy it at leisure. Novices have been known to take their places at the

dining-table, disdaining to join the procession round the central table, and wait to be served. Minute after minute has gone by and still no sign of a "proper" meal being served. Finally, after quarter of an hour, having exhausted their patience, they hurry to the smörgås bord and find sufficient to make an exceedingly hearty and satisfactory meal. Then just as they are thinking of going on deck again, in march the waitresses with the *first course* of the real dinner!

About twenty or thirty miles before the Finnish mainland comes in sight the navigator begins to encounter numbers of small rocky islands. Rounded shoulders of black granite, all wet and glittering from the waves which wash over them, rise a few feet above the surface of the water like the back of some sea monster. Such must have seemed the giant pike in the old Finnish legend upon which the ship of Väinämöinen ran aground, and of whose bones the bard and hero constructed the first harp. The further the vessel proceeds the larger and more rugged these islands become. This rocky wilderness has a very wild and desolate appearance. Here and there a single fir-tree stands erect like a sentinel, and occasionally a few dwarf pines and stunted bushes afford a patch of green on which to rest the eyes. Landwards, along the northern horizon, stretches a



IN THE SKÄRGÅRD: S.s. v. *Döbeln* cruising among the islands

dark green zone of forest which, at first, is taken for the mainland; but as the vessel approaches it is found to consist of a labyrinth of islands thickly covered with pine and fir. This wonderful archipelago stretches along the whole of the southern coast of Finland. The islands are so numerous that, as the vessel threads its way between them, it seems to be completely land-locked. At every turning it seems to enter a *cul-de-sac*, but, as it pushes forward, a passage, hidden by some wooded cape, opens up. The sheltered waters have a surface like a mirror, reflecting the wooded shores and the blue sky, and the only waves are those caused by the wash from the vessel rushing along the shore on either side.

A peculiar feature of the coast of Finland is that it is still perceptibly rising from the sea. In the course of years islands become joined to the mainland and form peninsulas. New islands appear, and dangerous submarine rocks, unmarked on the charts, trap many a vessel that ventures to leave the course that is constantly kept surveyed and beacons. It was on such a rock that the Tsar's yacht went ashore outside Hangö in the autumn of 1907. A great land wave seems to be passing from south to north, and the further north we go the more perceptible does it become. In the Gulf of Bothnia the rise amounts to several feet in the course of a century. On the southern

shores of the Baltic the reverse process is being enacted, and the sea is gradually encroaching on the land.

From the south-western corner of Finland a long narrow peninsula stretches out some fifteen miles among the islands. At the very end of it is situated the port of Hangö, the most fashionable watering-place in Finland. Hangö is now connected by a direct railway with Helsingfors, and serves as the winter port. Powerful ice-breakers keep a channel open through the ice. Stockholm steamers usually call here in summer, and passengers may spend an hour or two on shore.

Hangö is wholly a modern creation. The railway engineers fixed upon the site, with its fine deep harbour, as the best outlet for the large and growing butter industry in the south-western province. But once the railway was opened other people began to discover that this southern promontory, with its pine woods and its beautiful sandy beach for bathing, offered one of the most delightful summer resorts in Finland. A large hydropathic establishment was erected, on the continental model, with its regular course of baths. Hotels and lodging-houses quickly sprang up for the accommodation of the large number of visitors who were attracted not only from all parts of Finland, but from Russia, Sweden, Germany, and Denmark. Hangö was

incorporated as a town in 1874, but in the official population statistics for 1875 it is not recorded as having any inhabitants. In 1880 its population was 708. In 1907 it was about 7000 ; but in summer this number is increased by the large number of visitors. In the height of the season there is often a very severe housing problem in Hangö. It is no uncommon thing to see luxuriously dressed ladies, issuing from some humble log-cabin, raising their skirts as they cross the dusty street over delicate high-heeled shoes that were never meant to be seen out of St. Petersburg or Paris.

Close to the quay in Vestra Hamnen, on the right-hand side as one enters the town, is a hill—Drottningberget—from which a good view can be obtained. By following the railway line from the quay one reaches the railway station, whence the principal street, Boulevardsgatan, runs south-east to Badhus Square, almost on the beach. From this point a road runs eastwards through beautiful pine woods. The hydro-pathic establishment lies on the shore of a little bay on the right. The sea-bathing place is near here, and boats may be hired. The adjoining peninsula has been laid out as a public park with tennis and croquet grounds.

The Hangö Peninsula was the scene of several encounters between the British and the Russians, in 1854 and 1855, during the Crimean War.

In both years a large allied fleet of French and British vessels was sent to the Baltic to blockade the ports and to prey upon the merchant shipping. The innocent Finnish merchants suffered much hardship by the capture and destruction of their goods. In the Gulf of Bothnia alone, in one month, Admiral Plumridge reported that he had destroyed 46 vessels, afloat or on the stocks, 40,000 to 50,000 barrels of pitch and tar, 60,000 square yards of rough pitch, and timber, sails, rope, and other stores to the value of from £300,000 to £400,000. Beyond the establishment of a strict blockade, the small achievements of both expeditions caused great disappointment at home. Several "unfortunate incidents" occurred, notably the loss by capture of a cutter with its crew in some incautious operations near Gamla Karleby in the Gulf of Bothnia. The chief success of the allied fleet was the bombardment, capture, and destruction of the fortress of Bomarsund in the Åland Islands. Kronstadt was too well protected even to be attacked, and the bombardment of Sveaborg was quite ineffectual.

In May 1854 a very daring feat was accomplished by Captain Hall of the *Heckla* and Captain Yelverton of the *Arrogant*. By night they steamed some seven miles up the narrow estuary on the eastern side of Hangö Peninsula to Ekenäs.

They destroyed a battery which fired on them, routed the artillery and infantry, captured a large merchantman, and returned safely to Hangö Roads with their prize in tow. Even the Russian commander was compelled to praise this exploit. A few days later the *Dragon*, the *Magicienne*, and the *Heckla* bombarded the large fort of Gustavsvärn in Hangö Roads, inflicting heavy damage. In the following year an incident happened near Hangö which caused much bitterness. Several Finns had been taken prisoners on board a captured vessel, and it was determined to release them. Lieutenant Geneste was sent with a flag of truce to land them. Leaving his boat he proceeded to look for the telegraph office in order to communicate with the Russian authorities. The Russians fired on the party from ambush, killing many and taking all the others prisoners. There were two versions of the affair, the Russians alleging that the flag of truce was not properly displayed, and that, in any case, Lieutenant Geneste had exceeded his rights in landing and in proceeding to the telegraph office.

From Hangö eastwards to Helsingfors so closely do the islands lie about on either side that it is like river or lake navigation. In foggy weather or darkness it would be quite impossible to find the course, but fortunately in these northern latitudes the summer nights are almost

as light as the day. In the event of a thick fog the ship has simply to find anchorage. The course is marked off by beacons upon the rocks, and in some of the narrower channels it is staked off with long white poles. About four hours before Helsingfors is reached the steamer passes through the lovely Barösund, a strait five miles long between the two islands of Barölandet and Orslandet, as narrow as a canal. The shores are covered with trees—pine, fir, birch, and alder. Numerous little red-painted log huts may be seen nestling among the trees. Occasional cultivated patches alternate with the trees, and along the shores quaint fishing-boats are beached and nets are drying. The allied French and British fleets were anchored here for a month in 1854, before they proceeded to bombard Bomarsund. Their burial-ground is on a little desert island near Porkala lighthouse, called Makilo, after a Scotchman, M'Eliot, the captain of a vessel wrecked here early in the century. In 1903 some Finnish ladies and gentlemen erected a simple memorial to the British and French sailors buried there.

Many Tsars have found pleasure in cruising in these peaceful waters, and here also Nicholas II. has been wont to find a refuge from the terrible burden of state. In the old days the presence of the imperial yacht used to cause a general

holiday. The simple peasants would arrive from far and near in their little boats bringing offerings of fruit and flowers.

This part of the voyage, between Barösund and Helsingfors, is made by the Stockholm steamers late in the evening, and by the Hull steamers early in the morning. At midsummer the sun hardly sinks below the northern horizon, and the flush of sunset yields only to the flush of dawn. The tranquil and dreamlike beauty of the scene is unforgettable. The Finns have a deep feeling for natural beauty, as is shown by many passages in the *Kalevala*. The following exquisite picture is still true to nature in the custom it describes as in the landscape:—

“ Ilmarmen’s beauteous sister,
Who awakes each morning early,
Rises long before the daylight,
Stood one morning on the sea-shore,
Washing in the foam her dresses,
Rinsing out her silken ribbons,
On a headland jutting seaward,
On the forest covered island.

Here Annikki, looking round her,
Looking through the fog and ether,
Looking through the clouds of heaven,
Gazing far out on the blue sea,
Sees the morning sun arising,
Glimmering along the billows,
Looks with eyes of distant vision
Toward the sunrise on the waters,
Towards the winding streams of Suomi,
Where the Wina-waves were flowing.”

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At last two sky-piercing Gothic spires announce Helsingfors beyond its girdle of islands. The grim fortress of Sveaborg looms up, and the steamer passes under its guns through the narrow channel of Gustafsvårdssund into the harbour, past the yacht club and the island restaurant, Klippan, and moors at the quay near the Market Square.

III

HELSINGFORS

WHAT TO SEE

The Capital of Finland—Foundation of Helsingfors—History—Growth—Topography—The Market Square—The Esplanade—Senate Square—The Nicholas Church—The University—The Students—Parliament Buildings—Bank and Archives—The Russian Church—The New Lutheran Church and Observatory—The National Museum—Public Parks—The Fortress of Sveaborg—History of Sveaborg—The Skärgård—"Klippan"—Högholmen Island.

HELSINGFORS is one of the most interesting towns in Europe. In spite of its rapid growth, it is still, comparatively, a small town. Nevertheless its note is metropolitan rather than provincial. Its civilisation and culture are thoroughly national. It is a centre of commerce, of art, of learning, and of the political ambitions of a nation in which a long dormant vigour has suddenly awakened. It has developed by itself, during the past century, out of the main current of European progress, and it has a strenuous and intense individuality of its own. The pulse of life and action beats as strongly in it as it does

across the Atlantic. Helsingfors is, in fact, in many ways more American than European.

Helsingfors is situated at the end of a peninsula, not unlike the Greek peninsula in shape, on a small scale, and jutting out like it into the midst of an archipelago of islands. Five miles north of the present town, at the mouth of the river Vanda, is a hamlet which bears the name of Gammalstaden, "the old town." This is the site of the original Helsingfors. In the year 1550 the Swedish king, the great Gustavus Vasa, having driven the Danes out of his country and inaugurated a brief epoch of peace and prosperity, resolved to establish a trading station on the shores of the Gulf of Finland, opposite Reval. The island of Sandhamn, near Sveaborg, was the first site thought of, but finally, thinking the island too exposed, he chose the site at the mouth of the Vanda. Some colonists from the Swedish province of Helsingland, who had settled in the neighbourhood, gave their name to the "town," and the rights and liberties of a town were conferred upon it in order to induce the inhabitants of the surrounding country to come and live there. The site, however, was ill-suited for commerce, and eighty-nine years later, in 1639, the "town" was removed to its present site, right at the end of the peninsula.

Up to the beginning of the nineteenth century the history of Helsingfors is the record of a constant succession of disasters from plague, fire, and war. Its insignificance from the point of view of size may be gathered from the fact that the plague of 1710 reduced its population from 1800 to 615 souls. It fell a prey to Russian arms under Peter the Great, and again in 1742. The fortress of Sveaborg was then built to protect it, but a feeble defence it proved. In 1808 Helsingfors was once more, and for the last time, captured by the Russians, and the fortress was surrendered without a single shot being fired. Thenceforward Finland was a part of the Russian Empire. It was again destroyed by fire, and from its ashes arose the new capital of Finland. In 1812 Helsingfors, being nearer to St. Petersburg and less susceptible to Swedish influences, was declared the capital in place of Åbo. Karl Ludvig Engel, a German architect who had settled in St. Petersburg, was brought over to superintend the rebuilding of the town. A man of large and noble ideals, he proved himself worthy of the occasion, and he played in Helsingfors the same part that Sir Christopher Wren played in London (see chapter on Architecture). In 1819 the Senate and chief Government offices were removed to Helsingfors, and in 1828, after the great fire in Åbo, the Uni-

versity and National Museum were removed also.

The annexation to Russia, under terms that secured a large measure of self-government, ushered in a new era of peace and prosperity in Finland. From the time when it was declared the capital, Helsingfors has never ceased to grow in population, commerce, and wealth. In 1805 there were only two towns in all Finland which had a population of more than 5000, and these were Åbo with 11,300, and Helsingfors with 8943. For the next few years the population of Helsingfors was reduced by about half by war and fire, but by 1850 it amounted to 20,745, as against 17,178 in Åbo. By 1880 Helsingfors had doubled that figure, and within the next twenty years had again doubled its population. In 1907 the population of Helsingfors was 125,000, while that of Åbo was only 46,000, and the rate of growth is increasing rather than diminishing.

Helsingfors is almost completely surrounded by water. On the west, the south, and the east it is washed by the waters of the Gulf of Finland, and on the north it is almost cut off from the mainland by the Tölö Creek. About the middle of its eastern side a peninsula, the narrow neck of which is cut by a canal, juts out into the sea. This is the Skatudden, one of the most modern quarters of the town, covered with large blocks

of flats of the most bizarre architecture, and containing also the Russian church, the Customs House, the Mint, the Prison, and Barracks. It divides the harbour into two parts, the north and south harbours. To the south stretch the green wooded slopes of the Brunnsark. Overlooking the south harbour, on a considerable height, are the classic pillared domes of the Observatory, and behind them the tall Gothic spires of the new Lutheran church. Northwards stretches a long silhouette of the buildings on the Skatudden and Norra Esplanadgatan with, towering over them, the fantastic oriental cupolas of the Russian church, and the severer massive domes of the Lutheran Church of St. Nicholas. The ships are moored at the quay close to the Salutorget or Market Square, and the principal hotels are situated close at hand. The finest street, the Esplanade, runs due west from the Market Square right into the centre of the town, where it ends at the Swedish Theatre. From this point radiate two other fine streets, Boulevardgatan and Henriksgatan. Parallel to the Esplanade on the north runs the favourite shopping street, Alexandersgatan, with the Senate Square, round which are grouped the principal buildings. The railway station lies in the northern part of the town.

On the edge of the market-place, from whence

a fine prospect of the harbour, with Sveaborg in the distance, and of the Esplanade, may be obtained, stands the Tsaritsa's Stone, an obelisk of red granite, commemorating the visit of the Empress of Nicholas I. in 1833. Nearly opposite this monument is an inconspicuous building, formerly a private house, but now the royal palace. The ceremony of opening and dissolving the Diet takes place here. Its chief interest is a collection of pictures by Finnish artists. Every morning up to noon the market-place is crowded with small stalls, in which divers articles, mainly food-stuffs, are sold. The whole domestic life of the common people is illustrated here, and a most interesting hour can be spent among the booths, studying the quaint habits, and costumes, and fare of the people, and picking up some souvenirs. Many of the merchants are peasants, who have driven or sailed to town to sell their garden and dairy produce, or the fish which they have caught. In England we see practically nothing of this direct relation between producer and consumer. On the evening before a special market many of the peasants arrive at the quay, and may be seen spending the night in their little boats, sound asleep beneath a sheet of tarpaulin.

The Esplanade is as wide as the market-place itself—it is, in fact, more of a park than of a street. A broad expanse of trees and garden and

lawn, with promenades, separates the houses on the, "Norra" and "Södra" sides right along its whole length. The end of the promenade next the market-place is occupied by the Kapellet Restaurant, which in summer has its tables set out under the shade of the trees. At the extreme west end of the Esplanade, adjoining the Swedish Theatre, is another summer restaurant, the Opera Källaren, with a large rotunda and balcony, from which a view of the whole stretch of the promenade may be obtained. In the centre of the Esplanade a fine monument to the national poet, Runeberg, designed by his son, the famous sculptor, has been erected. The cost of it was defrayed by national subscription. A bronze statue of the poet is raised upon a lofty granite pedestal, at the base of which stands an allegorical figure typifying Finland. The words, in Swedish and Finnish, "From the Finnish Nation, 1855," and a verse from the National Anthem, "Our Land," constitute the inscription. The best shops in the town are ranged along the Norra Esplanadgatan. The book-shops especially attract attention by their size, and by the variety of their stock. The buildings are lofty and imposing, and comprise some fine examples of Finnish architecture. Södra Esplanadgatan is dominated by the fine block of the Vasa Bank. Here also, at the corner of Fabiansgatan, is

the Governor-General's house, the severe simplicity of which bespeaks the classic taste of Engel.

Senate Square is the architectural centre of Helsingfors. Round it are grouped some of the most stately examples of classic art with which Engel, the father of Finnish architecture, enriched the town between 1820 and 1840. On the west side is the University, facing it, on the east, the Senate House, and, towering high above them, on the north side, like St. Paul's at the top of Ludgate Hill, approached by a broad flight of fifty granite steps, is the great bulk of the Lutheran Church of St. Nicholas. In the centre of the Square is the elaborate Memorial to Alexander II., the Grand Duke and Emperor, who, above all others, has endeared himself to the Finns. It is the joint work of the sculptors Runeberg and Takanen, and was unveiled in 1894 amid great national rejoicing. It was shrewdly suspected by those in authority at the time that this enthusiasm for the departed Emperor was somewhat emphasised by way of hinting a criticism of the existing régime, and a loyal ode in praise of Alexander II. was actually suppressed by the censor. Round the granite pedestal, on which stands the statue of the Emperor, are grouped symbolical figures representing "Lex," "Lux," "Labor," and "Pax." In the dark days, when

the people of Finland were engaged in a great effort of passive resistance to the Imperial Power, it was the custom for this Memorial to be decorated with wreaths and offerings sent from all parts of the country.

The Church of St. Nicholas is built upon the top of a great ridge of granite which projects 59 feet above the surface of the square. The cross, which surmounts the centre dome, is 233 feet above the level of the sea; and the dome itself affords a vantage point from which a fine view is obtained of the town, the surrounding country, and the far-stretching archipelago. The church is built in the form of a Greek cross, and its massive proportions, in the Renaissance style architecture, offer a sharp contrast to the usual Gothic type of church architecture which prevails throughout Scandinavia, and of which good examples may be seen in the New Lutheran Church in Högbergsgatan, or in the ancient Cathedral at Åbo. The statues of the Twelve Apostles, which are ranged round the ridge of the roof, are copies by German artists of the work of Thorwaldsen. The interior of the church, which can accommodate 3000 persons, is very simple, and there is little decoration. The picture of the "Entombment," over the altar, is by the Russian, Neff, and there are a number of statues by the Finnish sculptor Vallgren. When the church is closed

visitors should apply for admission to the keeper, who lives in the East Lodge.

The University building, which is Engel's masterpiece, is a beautiful example of the Greek style of architecture. The lofty vestibule is decorated by a frieze, by the sculptor Sjöstrand, representing the bard Väinämöinen, attended by the heroes Ilmarinen and Lemminkainen, enchanting all nature by his harping. The three richly decorated wooden doors leading to the Celebration Hall are relics of the old University at Åbo, saved from the great fire. Another relic is the great bronze bust of Alexander I., who befriended the University. The Hall is a vast semicircular room in which the ceremony of conferring the degree of *Magister* (corresponding to our M.A.) is performed. It was intended that the Hall should be decorated by frescoes by Albert Edelfelt, but the artist only lived to complete one, representing the inaugural procession from Åbo Castle to the Cathedral at the founding of the University by the Swedish Governor, Per Brahe, in 1640. In the hall above the University Court meets. Scattered through the various halls are numerous portraits and busts of emperors, governors, distinguished savants, and makers of Finnish history. The library, comprising over 200,000 volumes, is housed in a separate building, also the work of Engel, in a line with the church.

Application to view the University should be made to the caretaker, who lives in the basement, first door to the right, along Alexandersgatan.

Wherever one goes, not only in Helsingfors but all over Finland in the summer, one is sure to meet "the student" wearing his or her distinctive little white velvet cap. The zeal for higher education among the people is very keen, and the proportion of those who, by hard struggle and rigid economies, are able to reach the university is high. In 1905 the total number of students enrolled was 2640, of whom 564 were women. The first woman student matriculated in 1870, but their numbers grew very slowly, and it was not till 1897 that they were freely permitted to enter on a perfect equality with men. The student life is very similar to what it is, or used until recently to be, in the Scottish universities. The students are organised, according to their native counties, in "nations," to one of which every student must belong, and which exercise certain disciplinary control over their members. The Studentshuset, the headquarters of the Corporation of Students, is a fine building, designed by Dalström, and situated at the extreme western corner of Alexandersgatan. Within are some fine works of the sculptors Runeberg and Stigell, and of the painters Ekman and Gallen. The building cost 284,000 marks, which was

raised by national subscription, as is indicated by the Latin inscription on the front: *Spei Sue Patria Dedit*, "Given by the Fatherland to its Hope." The "Nyland Nation" has a home of its own most artistically designed and furnished in archaic style, in Kasärntorget (Kasern Square). The students' choirs are a prominent feature of university life, and their singing is famous far beyond Finland. It is one of their chief recreations. On the 1st of May they resort in great numbers to the Brunnspark, Kaisaniemi, and Alphyddan Restaurants, singing national songs, and celebrating the occasion after the fashion of a Scottish "students' night" at the theatre.

The severe simplicity of Engel's style finds marked expression in the Senate House. The interior offers little of special interest beyond a series of historical portraits and a large picture by Ekman, in the vestibule, representing the meeting of the Diet convened by Alexander I. in 1809, at Borgå. Admission may be obtained on application to the caretaker. It was in the vestibule opening on Senate Square that General-Governor Bobrikoff was shot by Eugene Schauman, on June 16, 1904. A little further up Nikolargatan, beyond Fredsgatan on the right-hand side, is the Ständerhuset, the House of the Diet or "Landtdag," the popular assembly. It was built in 1890 from the plans of the architect Nyström, who has reverted to the

classic style of Engel. The Three Estates, representing the Clergy, the Burgesses, and the Peasants, used to meet here, but these distinctions have now been abolished. 'The Nobles' Estate used to meet at the Riddar Hus, fronting Alexandersgatan, just behind the Senate. It was built by Chiewitz, in 1861, in the style of the Venetian Renaissance. On the front are displayed the coats-of-arms of the Grand Duchy and of the Provinces. Within may be studied the coats-of-arms of the noble families of Finland. In the vestibule is a historical picture by Ekman representing the opening of the Landtdag by Alexander II. in person in 1863. The caretaker will show visitors over.

On the other side of Nikolaigatan, directly opposite the House of the Diet, is the Bank of Finland, a beautiful building designed by a foreign architect, Bonstedt. Opposite the bank again, at the corner of Nikolaigatan and Fredsgaten, is the House of the State Archives, designed by Nyström in the Renaissance style, and counted by many the finest work of architecture in Helsingfors. It may be viewed between 11 A.M. and 2 P.M. These three buildings, the Diet, the Bank, and the Archives, form a remarkably harmonious and effective *tout ensemble*.

The Russian Cathedral, *Uspenski Sobor*, "Church of the Assumption," which attracts all eyes by its

brilliant red and gold colouring, is situated on a height on the Skatudden, just across the bridge. This richly decorated Russian church was built in 1868 by the Russian architect Gornostaïef. The style is the Byzantine, as modified by Russian taste. The interior is lavishly adorned, in marked contrast to the stern simplicity of the Lutheran churches. The four great granite pillars which support the cupola measure each 6 feet in diameter. The caretaker lives in the basement. Directly opposite is the Mint.

Far out at sea the two sharp spires of the new Lutheran church, in Högbergsgatan, are visible before any other part of Helsingfors. These spires are 243 feet in height, and they stand upon an eminence which is itself 68 feet above the level of the sea. This fine example of modern Gothic work, in brick, was built in 1893 by the Swedish architect Melander. Half-way between the church and the harbour, on the top of a considerable hill, Ulrikasberg, facing right down Unionsgatan, is the Astronomical Observatory, a building whose classic style bespeaks its author, Engel. In the observatory grounds, overlooking the harbour, is the sculptor Stigell's fine bronze group representing "The Shipwreck."

A fine building, designed by the firm of which M. Saarinen is a member, is now being erected at Hagasund, in Vestra Chausse, to serve as a home

for the National Museum. At present the various collections are scattered over the town. The Archæological Collection at the University Laboratory, 5 Nikolaigatan, may be visited, by permission, between 11 A.M. and 3 P.M. The Ethnographical Collection at 20 Unionsgatan (third floor), is open from 1 to 3 P.M., and an entrance fee of 50p. is charged. In these rich collections the whole history of the development of the Finnish races from the stone age is illustrated. No fewer than 517 of the stone implements were collected by a poor landless peasant, Solomon Vilskman. His enthusiasm is comparable to that of another peasant, Matti Pohto, quite uneducated, who enriched the University Library by 3000 rare Finnish manuscripts which he had collected in the course of his tramps from house to house throughout the country.

Helsingfors has numerous fine public parks and gardens. The Brunnspark, at the extreme south of the peninsula, is beautifully wooded, and, in parts, very rugged. One can reach it in five minutes by train from the Market Square. This park contains an excellent restaurant, with open-air theatre, and a large hydropathic establishment where one can go in for a regular course of baths. On the shore are ladies' and gentlemen's bathing-sheds from which one can bathe comfortably at the cost of a few pence. In the northern part of

the town there are three parks situated round the shores of the Tölö Creek ; on the north the Tölö-park or Djurgården (Zoological Garden, without animals !), on the south the Kaisaniemi Park, and on the west the Hesperia Gardens. The Kaisaniemi Park lies just north of the railway station. It contains the Botanical Gardens, a good restaurant, a monument to Pacius, who composed the music for Runeberg's "Our Land," and the so-called "Tomb of a Freemason," the resting-place of an eighteenth-century idealist and humanist, Major Frederik Granatenhjelm. The Tölö Park stretches northwards on both sides of the railway. The title, "Zoological Garden," indicates intention rather than reality. The scenery of the park is extremely picturesque and varied. A fine view of the town may be obtained from a high cliff in the north. There is a good restaurant, the Alphyddan, and, on a height, the "Water Castle," the principal reservoir of the town. The Hesperia Gardens may be reached either by steamboat from Kaisaniemi Park or by tram along Vestra Chaussen. It is a favourite place for promenades in summer. Besides a restaurant there are numerous diversions, such as skittles, swings, fireworks, and an open-air dancing rotunda.

The fortress of Sveaborg, the Gibraltar of the Baltic, which guards the entrance to the harbour, covers seven islands about two miles from the

quay. There is an hourly service of steamers to Sveaborg (fare Fm. 0·25), and, by making the journey, one gets a very good view of the general situation of the islands. But before a stranger can visit the fortress itself he must obtain permission from the Commandant, and must show his passport. The chief works are on the five islands, Great Svartö, Little Svartö and Vester Svartö, Vargön, and Gustafsvärd, but there are also batteries on two smaller islands, Långörn and Harakka, lying between the main group and the Brunnspark. The islands lie so close to one another that many of them are connected by bridges, and [the channel leading to the harbour, between Gustafsvärd and Alexandersholmen, is a very narrow one. The fortress was founded by Count Auguste Ehrensvärd, High Admiral of Sweden, in 1749, in order to serve the double purpose of protecting the town and of providing a safe harbour for the Swedish fleet. Count Ehrensvärd's portrait may still be seen in the Rådhus (town hall) with a small, hardly distinguishable Swedish flag floating over Sveaborg in the background. A simple monument designed by the King, Gustavus III. himself, marks his tomb on Vargö Island, and bears this inscription : " Here lies Count Auguste Ehrensvärd, surrounded by his work, the Fortress of Sveaborg and the Fleet."

Sveaborg was surrendered by Admiral Cronstedt to the Russians, in 1808, without a blow being struck. Sweden never forgave what she regarded as an act of treachery, but the secret motives for the surrender have never been revealed. In Cronstedt's favour it may be said that he did not enter the Russian service, and died a comparatively poor man on his own estate in Finland, where he continued to be held in honour by his neighbours. The fortress was bombarded for three days by the allied French and English fleets, in 1855, during the Crimean War. It was calculated that 1000 tons of iron shot and shell were poured into it by the English alone. The bombardment, however, produced little effect, and, judging the fortress too strong to attack at closer quarters, the fleets retired. The futility of the operations of the Baltic squadron caused much dissatisfaction in England. Again, in 1906, Sveaborg was the scene of fighting. A mutiny broke out among the Russian soldiers, of whom the garrison is solely composed, and during the suppression the people of Helsingfors spent several anxious days listening to the firing.

No visitor should leave Helsingfors without having explored the beautifully wooded islands which are scattered so thickly along the shore of the Gulf, the Skärgård, as they are called.



MEJLANS : Near Helsingfors

Numerous small steamers ply among them. During the summer almost every family which can afford it has a cottage on one of the islands, and the little steamers make their rounds among these island suburbs, for all the world like the Hampstead bus. Crowds of picnickers may be seen leaving for the islands every Sunday and holiday. A voyage on one of these steamers should prove one of the pleasantest recollections of Helsingfors. For those who wish to make a more independent tour, rowing boats, sailing boats, and some of the smaller steamers can be hired by the hour or day. Visitors wishing to hire a boat should consult Messrs. Lars, Krogius and Co., the Finland Steamship Company, or the hotelkeeper. Many of the islands afford ideal picnic resorts. In the Western Skärgård the island of Fölisön, connected with the mainland by a bridge, and containing a restaurant, offers an interesting objective. This island may also be reached by land by driving or walking to Mejls, on a beautiful bay some four miles north-west from Helsingfors. But the Eastern Skärgård offers the greater variety. An ideal tour is to sail from the north harbour in a north-easterly direction up the narrow, reed-grown channel which separates Degerö from the mainland, under two picturesque wooden bridges, the shores dotted with picturesque villas, past Vådö with

its beacon hill, through a colony of small islets each with its suggestive name—Calf Island, Birch Island, Bull Island, Deep Eagle, The Brush, &c., then round by Villinge, which lies off the extreme eastern point of Degerö, and back to Helsingfors on the other side of Degerö, a straight run. This route is about fourteen miles long. Many people visit Villinge to see its famous Crystal Bay, a winding creek shaped like the letter S, which almost cuts the island in two from the south.

The Klippan Restaurant is built upon a tiny island overlooking the yacht club anchorage. A penny steamer runs every few minutes between it and the south harbour. Concerts are given here in the evening, and many pleasant supper parties arranged.

From the north harbour a steamer runs every twenty minutes (fare Fm. 0·15) to the island of Högholmen, about half a mile distant. Usually a large number of gunboats, torpedo boats, and destroyers of the Russian fleet may be seen anchored here. This island has been laid out as a public park and open-air zoological garden, the cost having been paid by the profits on the liquor monopoly (Gothenburg system). There are beautiful walks and cliffs and an excellent restaurant.

IV

HELSINGFORS—*Continued*

ART AND ARTISTS

An Artistic People—The Finnish Art Union—Development of Public Taste—The Athenæum—University Collection of Sculpture—The Cygnæus Gallery—The Patriotic Impulse—The Primitives Ekman—The Brothers Von Wright—Holmberg—Munsterhjelm and Lindholm—Edelfelt—Vesterholm and Järnefelt—Gallen—Sculpture—Sjöstrand—Runeberg and Takanen—Stigell—Vallgren—The Growth of a Century.

THE art of Finland is the growth of a single century. It is the result of the conscious effort of a young community seeking, on the one hand, an instrument of culture and refinement, and, on the other hand, a vehicle for the expression of strong national feeling. The Finns are essentially an artistic and emotional race, living with nature, not as the brutes do, but with an intense appreciation of natural beauty. Their great national epic, which for thousands of years the peasants have handed down from father to son, is filled with vivid nature pictures, wonderful examples of simple and direct impressionism. In

the folk-poetry of few other nations does this unaffected love of nature play so large a part; but up to the beginning of the nineteenth century there was no other vehicle than the folk-songs for the expression of this artistic instinct. In 1805 the total population of the country did not amount to one million, and the capital, Åbo, was a mere village with 11,000 inhabitants. Not only were the people few in number and desperately poor, but they were ground between the upper and the nether mill-stones of Russia and Sweden. It was not until the political settlement of 1809 that Finland entered upon an era of peace and prosperity; but she did not acquire Art like a *nouveau riche* stocking his house with pictures. Long before the riches arrived she deliberately set herself to develop a national school of art, and the artistic not merely accompanied, but even to some extent anticipated, the material development. Before the end of the century Finland had produced a school of artists whose works would adorn (and in many cases do adorn) the galleries of any nation in Europe.

In 1809 the condition must have seemed desperate enough from the artist's point of view. The Church was almost the only possible patron, and the requirements of the Church were satisfied by the most simple and primitive decorations. The churches and most of the other principal

buildings were built of wood, which left little scope for the architect. The Imperial Government was the chief builder, and it generally imported its own architects. Such talent as there was, if it was so fortunate as to escape starvation, generally passed over to Sweden, and it was from Sweden that the first artistic impulses came. R. W. Ekman was a native of Finland, who had been educated in Stockholm, and rose to be a court painter to the King of Sweden. Early in the century he returned to his own country, attracted by the great national awakening there. At Åbo he came into contact with the literary leaders of that movement, Snellman, Runeberg, and Lönnrot. There was even then no market for art, so it was resolved to create one. In 1846 the Finnish Art Union was founded, and it is the universal providence of this powerful society which has made possible the development of Finnish art.

The early art market gave scope for nothing but the crudest portraiture. A passable likeness and a good healthy appearance were the chief recommendations. The Art Union set to work to educate national taste. It arranged exhibitions and started drawing-classes. It instituted an immediate market by the collection of subscriptions for the purchase of special works as national treasures, and it promoted lotteries for the sale

of pictures. In course of time it received grants from the State for its educational work, and it was able to give many young artists the benefit of a foreign training. The painters generally found their way to Düsseldorf, and the sculptors to Copenhagen and Rome; later, Paris became the chief centre of attraction. In this way the great movements in European art reached Finland, and the various influences of the Naturalistic, the Romantic, and the Impressionist schools made themselves felt. There was danger that some of the most brilliant students might be attracted from the Finnish into another orbit, but the labours of the Union have been rewarded both by an expansion of the home market and by the growth of a strong patriotic bias in the artists it has nursed.

In 1887 there was erected at the public expense, in Helsingfors, a home for the collection of the Art Union and for the various schools of fine and applied art. The Athenæum is a handsome building, in the Renaissance style, one of the best examples of the work of the architect Hoiyer, occupying the south side of the Railway Station Square. Above the chief entrance is the Latin motto: *Concordia Res Parvæ Crescunt*. The entrance is adorned with bas-reliefs by Carl Sjöstrand, and along the façade there runs a series of high-relief portraits of famous artists

by Vallgren. Here it is possible to study Finnish art in all its phases. Many of the best works of Finnish sculptors are displayed on the staircase and in the hall above. The picture-gallery is open every day from 12 to 3 P.M. (admission, Fm. 0·25; Sundays, 10). The catalogue, in Finnish, with numerous illustrations (price Fm. 1·75), forms an interesting souvenir. There are also Swedish and German catalogues, without illustrations (price Fm. 0·50), from which a foreigner will find it easier to decipher the titles. The collection of the Society of Artistic Crafts (admission daily from 12 to 3 P.M.; Sundays free) is also housed in the Athenæum.

A fine collection of sculpture belonging to the University may be seen at the Chemical Laboratory building, 5 Nikolaigatan (top storey). It is open to the public on Wednesdays from 1 to 2 P.M., and on Sundays from 2 to 3 or 4 P.M., according to the light. During the summer months admission must be obtained by application to the attendant, who lives on the premises.

A smaller collection of pictures is to be seen at the Cygnæus Gallery, Brunnspark, No. 17 (open from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.; admission, Fm. 0·25). This Gallery was bequeathed to the nation by Professor Frederik Cygnæus, whose life was devoted to the encouragement of Finnish literature and art.

The art of Finland is informed by an intense national enthusiasm. Its subjects are drawn from national legend and history, from the life of the people, and from nature in her most typically Finnish moods. A visit to the Athenæum, therefore, has an interest which depends not merely upon the intrinsic merits of the works of art, but also upon the insight which they give into the emotions and habits of the people and the physical aspects of the country.

Among the earliest Finnish painters are Alexander Lauræus (1771-1816) and Gustaf Wilhelm Finnberg (1784-1833). Neither could be called a great artist, and their works are chiefly of historical interest. Lauræus was a painter of genre. Finnberg was originally a house-painter, and in his efforts to follow an artistic career he suffered great privations. His chief works were portraits and a few church decorations.

Robert Wilhelm Ekman (1808-73) is to be considered the real father of Finnish art. After a distinguished career in Sweden he returned to his native country, as has been stated, and, joining in the great national movement, helped to found the Finnish Art Union. His zeal, which was invaluable, was probably greater than his talent. His energy was chiefly expended on mythological and historical subjects, and scenes from the life of the people. He decorated the Cathedral at Åbo

with a series of historical frescoes. Among the best examples of his work in the Athenæum are "Bengt Lyytinen, the People's Poet, reading his Runos in a Finnish Hut," "Greta Haapasalo playing on a Kantele," and "The Elk Hunters," a scene from Runeberg's famous poem.

The brothers Von Wright, of English extraction, are almost exclusively animal painters. Without any academic training, but with great artistic feeling and with a keen zoological interest, they followed their own bent in splendid isolation. In his estate in the remote interior Ferdinand von Wright (born 1822) devoted himself to the study of the habits of birds. He first made a reputation by his illustrations to books of natural history, published in Sweden. He was a prolific painter, and many examples of his most charming work are to be seen in the Athenæum.

From the time of Verner Holmberg (1830-60) Finland began to occupy a definite place in the history of European art. He received his early training at Düsseldorf. The German influence is very pronounced in the early Finnish artists, and it produced many painters of genre and anecdotal subjects. Holmberg, however, came under the influence of the new realistic movement. Returning to Finland about the age of twenty-seven, he began to make a study of the Finnish forest landscape. It is characteristic of his work that he

avoids distant vistas, atmospheric effects, and lake views. He prefers a near horizon, and he dwells with loving detail upon the foreground of his pictures. Woodland views gave the fullest scope for his talent.

From the time of Holmberg, the spell of Paris began to make itself more and more felt on the young Finnish artists. Hjalmar Munsterhjelm (1840-1905), and Berndt Lindholm (*b.* 1841), two landscape painters of very distinct types, commenced their studies at Düsseldorf, but, later, proceeded to Paris. A strong vein of sentiment runs through Munsterhjelm's works. The mood is everything with him, and idyllic lake and moonlight effects are his favourite themes. Lindholm, on the other hand, belonged to the naturalistic school. He loved the open air and the sunlight. His aim is always to convey clear and vivid impressions. Both artists are well represented in the Athenæum.

Albert Edelfelt (1854-1905) is the greatest artist whom Finland has produced. His fame is world-wide, and to most foreigners Finnish art is summed up in his name alone. Many, indeed, who are familiar with his many striking pictures, do not even know that he was a Finn, for he became almost as much a Frenchman. The great world claimed him, but he remained Finn at heart, and in his best work he is the inter-



A FINNISH TYPE: From a painting by Albert Edelfelt in the
Athenæum

preter of the moods, phases, and characters of his native land.

Edelfelt studied at Antwerp and at Paris. His first Salon picture, "Queen Blanche," a historical idyll, was exhibited in 1877. His early themes were chiefly dramatic historical episodes; but, under the influence of Bastein Lepage and the "Plain Air" school, he soon began to devote himself to representations of Finnish peasant life. His "Open-Air Church Service on a Nyland Island," a very striking picture, has been acquired by the Luxembourg. The "Fürstenberg" collection at Gothenburg has "On the Sea," a very beautiful picture of a Finnish fishing-boat, with the tight-lipped weather-beaten old skipper at the helm, and his daughter, a hardy sailor's lass, bracing herself against the wind beside him. In his later period, the extraordinary realistic note which he introduced into religious pictures attracted much attention and discussion. One of his Salon pictures, "Christmas Eve," represents the Virgin Mary in the dress of a Finnish peasant. In another, "Christ and the Magdalene," which is now in the Athenæum, it is a peasant girl from Karelia, who kneels at the feet of the white-clad Shepherd. Edelfelt was a most prolific and many-sided artist. His output embraces innumerable oil-paintings, water-colour drawings, and pastel

and pen-and-ink sketches. In all his work, light or serious in intention, his marvellous technical skill makes an immediate appeal quite independent of the interest of the subject. Everything is set down upon the canvas with the strong and simple assurance of a master. His direct and clear vision make him a great portrait-painter, and several fine examples of portraiture are to be seen in the Athenæum, notably "The Singer Aino Achté," and "An Old Woman with Basket."

Viktor Vesterholm (*b.* 1860) ranks with the French Impressionists. His pictures vibrate with light and colour. In his picture of a lake seen through the fringe of a birch wood, he has chosen a favourite theme of Northern artists. Eero Järnefelt (*b.* 1863) is another of the younger impressionists, with a most delicate appreciation of natural beauty. A very remarkable picture of his in the Athenæum shows the peasants burning the forest in order to enrich the soil with the ashes. This is a very primitive and wasteful method of agriculture, which, owing to the enhanced value of timber, is now dying out.

In Axel Gallen (*b.* 1865) we find exemplified that strange tendency of realism of the most extreme school to merge into mysticism and symbolism. His pictures of peasant life reveal a world of harsh and sordid poverty. He seems to take a fierce joy in depicting ugliness. On

the other hand, many of his pictures show a strong and robust sense of beauty. Strength, verging on brutality, is the note of his work. The illustration of the *Kalevala* offered a congenial field for his genius, and, in the Athenæum, he has a series of remarkable pictures representing scenes from the lives of the four chief heroes of the national epic. Ilmarinen is seen forging the magic Sampo; Kullervo, in the forest, drives the wolves back upon his mistress; Lemminkäinen's mother mourns over the body of her son, which she has recovered from the River of Death; and a beautiful picture, in three panels, commissioned by the Government, shows the old sage, Väinämöinen's, unavailing pursuit of the maid Aino.

The art of sculpture advanced much more slowly than that of painting. From its very nature it requires a much wealthier market, and the remarkable progress which this art has made is an index of the rapid growth of national prosperity.

The earliest sculptor of note was Carl Eneas Sjöstrand (1828–1906), a native of Sweden, who was brought over to design the memorial statue to Professor Porthan at Åbo, and who made his home in Finland. He found his best subjects in the native legends. His representations of Kullervo in the Athenæum show him at his best.

He was succeeded by two men of remarkable ability trained in very different surroundings.

E

Walter Runeberg (*b.* 1838), the son of the great poet, was trained at Copenhagen, under the classical tradition of Thorvaldsen, and afterwards at Rome. Johannes Takanen (1848–85) was the son of a Viborg peasant, and at first the development of his talent was retarded by poverty. The Art Union, however, enabled him to pursue his studies at Copenhagen and Rome. Just as Runeberg found his ideal in a classic calm, so Takanen found his in the realities of modern life. When the one chose a Greek god for his subject, the other chose a Finnish peasant. His “Andromache” is not a goddess, but a girl. Takanen had a hard struggle, and was compelled to work much in miniatures. Some of his women figures became very popular, and small plaster reproductions of them are sold all over the country. His statue of “Aino,” in the Athenæum, is a very charming work. He executed the bust of Snellman in the public garden at Kuopio. Fortune at last began to smile on him, and he was commissioned, along with Runeberg, to execute the memorial to Alexander II. Unfortunately he died in his prime, and Runeberg had to complete the monument alone. Other memorials executed by Runeberg are the statue of his father in Norra Esplanadgatan, and that of Per Brahe, at Åbo. His work is very popular in Sweden, where many examples are to be found.

Robert Stigell (1852-1907) is an apostle of a violent realism. His famous Salon group, "The Shipwrecked," may now be seen on the Observatory Hill at Helsingfors. Good examples of his work are "The Slinger" and "The Archer" in the Athenæum.

Ville Vallgren (*b.* 1855) occupies much the same position in sculpture as Edelfelt does in painting, and he ranks almost as much as a Frenchman as a Finn. He has been most prolific and many-sided. His output comprises large and small groups, reliefs, portraits, religious, historical, mythological, and monumental works. Latterly he devoted much attention to ornamental designing and applied art. In the Athenæum may be seen his well-known head of Christ in relief, together with a large selection of other work. His female figures, overcome by grief, are considered to be his most successful.

Those artists whose work has been noticed here are only a few of the most strongly marked types. They show that in the realm of Art Finland is emulating the other nations of Europe. With her record of a single century she is able to offer a collection of wide and varied interest. And all her artists have a message. Under every style the same passionate, patriotic motive can be discerned. No one who would understand Finland can afford to miss a visit to the Athenæum Gallery.

V

HELSINGFORS—*Continued*

FINNISH ARCHITECTURE

The Spirit of the North—An Alien Element—An Angry Visitor—A Relic of the Past—An Asiatic Strain—The Granite—Late Development of Architecture—The Castles—The Churches—The Rebuilding of Helsingfors—Engel—Foreign Tuition—Material Prosperity—Höijer—Nystrom—The “New Architecture”—Interiors—The Tyranny of the Architect—The Skatudden—Defects and Merits.

WHILE yet the rest of the town remains invisible behind its girdle of islands, the traveller approaching Helsingfors by sea discerns from afar the two sky-piercing Gothic spires of the new Lutheran Church. As they rise out of this apparent solitude of islands and pine woods, erect and aspiring, they seem to give expression to the high-hearted, independent, and adventurous spirit of the North. They represent the North as we have known it by experience and tradition, the Scandinavia of the Vikings and sea-rovers, the democratic and protestant North, which acknowledges no divine right either of king or of priest. And the



HELSINGFORS : A Back Court on the Skatudden

traveller draws nearer Helsingfors expecting to discover some quaint high-roofed little town such as he may often have seen at the head of a Norwegian fjord.

But, on a nearer view, Helsingfors displays a very clearly marked and vivid personality of its own—a strange, freakish personality that is alien to the rest of Europe, something that suggests the Japanese, or the Oriental, or the Egyptian. It rises from the sea like an enchanted palace on the pages of a fairy book. The long silhouette of buildings on the north side of the harbour is dominated at one end by the massive dome of the Nicholas Church, and at the other end by the more fantastic Byzantine cupolas of the Russian Church. In walking through the town one passes rapidly from the sober, practical, German matter-of-factness of Norra Esplanadgatan into the elegant classicism of Senate Square and of the Parliament, Bank, and Archives group behind it, and then into some bizarre modern quarter such as the Skatudden or Boulevardsgatan, with its fantastic skyline of domes, cupolas, and spires, its quaint balconies and perilously overhanging windows, its enormous granite portals and pillars, and its extraordinary decorations. One seems to have passed from the stern North into the land of the Arabian Nights. It is as if a tourist were suddenly to come upon the Taj

Mahal in Edinburgh. The originality and variety, and sometimes the eccentricity, of its modern architecture is one of the most interesting features of Helsingfors.

This originality, like most other forms of originality, has the effect of making people of a certain temperament very angry. A famous journalist whom I met in St. Petersburg warned me that I should find Helsingfors "stinking with *art nouveau*." On a Lake Saima steamer I met a worthy gentleman, the town clerk of an English borough, who was very much exasperated with Helsingfors. "What can you call it?" he exclaimed. "It's not Gothic; it's not Renaissance; it's not Greek; it's not even Moorish. In fact it's not architecture at all; it's simply an epidemic of madness." What troubled this gentleman was that he had met something he did not understand, something quite outside the range of his previous experience, something for which he had no label ready. He was quite right; it was not Gothic, or any of the other types he had mentioned. It was a new and assertive type, the product of the Finnish genius and Finnish conditions.

Fifty years ago an ancient necklace was dug up in the interior of Finland. It may now be seen in the museum at Helsingfors. It consists of a string of silver coins, all ancient Persian

coins of the time of the Sāmānid Dynasty. We have no written records of the origin of the Finnish people, but by means of such dumb witnesses, by studying language roots and folklore, scientists have been able to read the secrets of the dark ages before the dawn of history. The Finns are aliens among the Aryan peoples who have inhabited Europe. They are members of the same family of intruders to which the Magyars and the Turks belong. They are more closely related to the Japanese than to the Russians, Germans, and Swedes by whom they are surrounded. This Persian necklace in the Helsingfors Museum is a witness of the far wanderings of some ancestral tribe before it ascended the Volga, and finally was forced by the pressure of its Aryan neighbours into the northern corner which its descendants at present inhabit.

It is only within the last quarter of a century that the genius of the Finnish people has found expression in art and especially in architecture. But now the exercise of the faculty of artistic expression has awakened long dormant instincts inherited from the same remote Asiatic ancestors from whom the Finns inherit their almond eyes and their high cheek-bones. The "new architecture," with its extraordinary grotesques, its fantastic decorations, and its massive strength, recalls at every step the sleight of hand of Japan,

the archaic art of Assyria, the temples of Egypt. These things do not happen by accident. The "new architecture" is not simply, as the town clerk believed, a mad riot of the imagination. It is the expression of a national temperament, undisciplined as yet, without tradition and without experience, but gaining these as it develops.

The inexhaustible supply of granite which Finland affords has also had a marked effect upon architectural style. The builder has only got to excavate his material out of the building site. The hard granite does not easily lend itself to delicate or elaborate carving. Its decorative effects are simple and elemental. But the massive strength of its huge blocks and pillars has provided the dominant note of Finnish architecture. In those buildings where brick is used as a lighter and cheaper material, the lower courses generally consist of gigantic slabs of rough-hewn granite. There is even a tendency to exaggerate this note of strength. Windows and doorways are arched with an excess of strength that seems to mock the weight they carry. Pillars that would sustain Pelion piled on Ossa may sometimes be seen supporting a building of a single storey. Occasionally some uninspired architect has committed the sin of imitating in brick the lines and forms that are natural only to granite. But such indiscretions are not frequent. The Finnish architect has

generally the courage and the originality to be true to the material he is working in, and, if he falls short of complete success, it is because his art is still in the experimental stage.

Up to the beginning of the nineteenth century there was little scope for architecture in Finland, and for the first half of that century the architecture was almost entirely under direct Russian control. There were no towns worthy of the name. In 1805 the capital, Åbo, had only 11,000 inhabitants, and there was only one other town which had a population exceeding 4000. The people had little wealth, and wood was the universal building material. Little trace now remains of this ancient wooden architecture, for, in addition to the natural processes of decay, most of the towns have been several times destroyed by fire. The old wooden church in Helsingfors, in Andregatan, only dates from 1826.

The earliest buildings in stone were the castles erected by the Swedes to protect the capital and to guard against the inroads of the Russians. The castles at Åbo and Viborg were built at the end of the thirteenth century, and Nyslott Castle in 1475. They are in the familiar Scandinavian baronial style, very plain and severe, with huge walls unrelieved by windows, but having a few narrow, high-placed embrasures, and several high round towers. They are almost the only

mediæval things to be seen in Finland, and they add a picturesque detail to the landscape.

The Church was the only other builder. Åbo Cathedral, founded in 1300, is a good example of the severe and heavy Gothic style which was popular in Sweden. It became the model of ecclesiastical architecture all over Finland. Few of the churches were built of stone, but the tall spire of the wooden church, rising from the pine woods by the side of a lake, is one of the most familiar and pleasing features of the landscape. The change from Catholicism to Lutheranism made very little difference to the Churches, though, perhaps, it checked the Renaissance and Rococo influences which were beginning to reach Finland in the fifteenth century. The Church of St. Nicholas in Helsingfors, begun by Engel and completed in 1852 from his plans, abruptly breaks the Gothic tradition. But ecclesiastical traditions are slow to change, and where the Finns have acted for themselves they have continued to build their churches in the old style. The new Lutheran Church in Högbergsgatan, Helsingfors, built of brick in 1893, with its two gracefully tapering spires, is a beautiful example of modern Gothic. The architect was a Swede. In the recently completed Johanneskyrkan, at Tammerfors, built throughout of solid grey granite, and surrounded by a Cyclopean wall of

unhewn boulders, the Gothic has been combined with a strong infusion of the new Finnish spirit. It is a very beautiful and interesting building.

Almost simultaneous with the Russian occupation of Finland was the great fire which, in 1808, burned Helsingfors to the ground. One of the first thoughts of the Russians had been to remove the capital from its dangerous proximity to Sweden, and Helsingfors, with its fortress and its fine harbours, seemed to offer a preferable site. The destruction of the town by fire offered an opportunity to plan a new capital, *ab initio*, on a scale worthy of the new destinies of the country. A committee was appointed, and plans were prepared with due regard to the future growth of the town. Helsingfors was fortunate in that a man of real genius was found to carry out these plans. Karl Ludvig Engel accomplished in Helsingfors the same task that Sir Christopher Wren accomplished in London after the great fire.

Karl Ludvig Engel (1778-1840) was a German, born in Berlin, who had sought a career as an architect in St. Petersburg. He was commissioned by the Tsar to build the new capital of Finland. The city bears the impress of his genius to-day, when it has grown beyond even his dreams. On his tomb, as on Wren's

in St. Paul's Cathedral, might be placed the inscription, *Si monumentum quæris, circumspice*. The wide prospects and ample proportions of the central streets have been planned with a keen eye to all the natural advantages of the site in respect of sea views. His chief works are the splendid group of buildings which flank Senate Square, the Nicholas Church, the University, the University Library, and the Senate, and the Observatory which looks from a southern hill down the whole length of Unionsgatan. He was a man of refined taste and noble ideas. His style was pure and simple, almost sternly so at times, but in his masterpieces, the University and the Library, it warms into an exquisite classic beauty. Engel virtually founded the art of architecture in Finland, and his high ideals and the array of models which he left behind him made an indelible impression on his pupils and successors, and on public taste.

It was some generations, however, before a really strong native school of architecture was developed. Up till 1870 the post of Director-General of Public Buildings had never been held by a Finn. Engel was succeeded by Lohrmann, and he again by Edelfeldt (not the painter), both foreigners. A. H. Dalström (1829-1882) was the first native to be appointed to this post. The chief of his works is the "Students' House"

at the corner of Alexandersgatan and Henriks-gatan.

Hitherto the Government had been practically the only patron of the art. After the Crimean War, however, came a period of rapid increase of trade and commerce. Fortunes were made in a few years, and vast sums of capital began to accumulate in private-hands. Besides, the natural impetus given to the building industry by the increase in the population, the formation of banks, insurance companies, and other joint-stock companies, created a demand for buildings of another kind. The increase in land values and the consequent high rents impelled a large section of the population to live in flats. Building companies were promoted to erect vast tenements accommodating scores of families. This material prosperity was accompanied by a great outburst of national patriotism—political, literary, and artistic; and in no department was the effect of this movement more marked than in architecture.

C. Th. Höijer, while influenced by Engel, struck a more individual note. His most remarkable work is the Fire Tower in Högbergsgatan (No. 26), which is a fine example of a pure brick style. His buildings are to be found scattered through every quarter of the town, and other examples may be found in the Athenæum and the Hotel Kämp. The Romance and the Renaissance styles

are mingled in his work, but with an originality which mark him out as the precursor of the modern school.

The powerful influence of Engel is also seen in the quite recent buildings by Nyström, the House of Parliament and the State Archives in Nikolai-gatan. The calm, classic beauty of these buildings offers a sharp contrast to the startling modernity of the Finnish National Theatre in Railway Square, designed by Törnquist Tarjanne.

Among the buildings which the visitor to Helsingfors should not fail to see, in addition to this theatre, are the Nordiska Bank, 32 Unionsgatan ; the Pohjola Insurance Company's Office, 44 Alexandersgatan ; the Telephone Company's Office, 35 Högbergsgatan ; the Private Bank, 19 Norra Esplanad ; the office of the Finland Steamship Company, 4 Magazinsgatan ; and the Vasa Bank in Södra Esplanad. The first two are the work of the firm "Gesellius, Lindgren, & Saari-nen" ; the Telephone Company's Office is by Lars Sonck ; the Private Bank is by the firm "Sonck and Jung" ; the Steamship Office is by Harald Neovius ; and the Vasa Bank by the firm Gran, Hedman, & Wasastjerna. The great blocks of rough-hewn granite seem to have evoked a special style of architecture, of which the most prominent features are massive pillars, lintels and rude arches. The exterior decoration is very simple

and elemental, the effects being achieved rather by spacing and massing. What decoration there is usually takes the form of a rude and archaic grotesque, well exemplified in the figures at the entrance to the Pohjola's office. Sometimes, as in the shipping office, the lower storey only is built of granite and the superstructure of brick covered with plaster. But the plaster has not been cut into squares and trimmed into an abominable imitation of stone. The architect avows his material, and even glories in it. The smooth, vacant surface of the plaster, relieved by the sharply-cut windows, offers a most effective contrast to the rugged strength of the granite base.

The interior of these buildings is no less remarkable. On entering the Private Bank one might almost fancy oneself in some temple on the banks of the Nile. The squat, bulky pillars, with their heavy capitals, seem as if they might support the weight of the pyramids. The decoration has a hieroglyphic appearance. In this particular building the bizarre quality of the decoration is perhaps overdone. There is much of it that has no logical foundation either in the material or in the structure. It is merely a riot of undisciplined imagination. In the Steamship office an artistic joke has been perpetrated in the shape of a frieze of jolly sailor men dancing round the pillars, and caricatured by means of a few con-

ventional straight lines. It is both clever and amusing, but one would have expected to find it on the walls of a nursery rather than in a staid business office. The door leading to the director's room in this office, with a steamship design in coloured glass and nautical emblems in beaten copper, has a very pleasing effect.

So keen has the popular interest in the art become that the architect is apt to be somewhat of a tyrant. I visited a business man in his office in one of the most striking of the new buildings, and I complimented him upon his artistic surroundings. He laughed good-humouredly and said: "Yes, I can believe it is very fine architecturally, but I could also wish it were a little more business-like. My customers complain that they cannot find the door, which is hidden behind a great pillar. I want to hang out a sign, but the architect holds up his hands in horror at the idea." I think my friend was really not a little proud of the tyranny of his architect. It put him in the fashion.

Since 1890 the building activity in Helsingfors has been feverish, and street after street has been added to the town in which the native architects have found full scope for the development of their ideas. The Skatudden peninsula, which has been almost wholly covered by these new creations, is an amazing spectacle. This is a favourite



HELSINGFORS: Corner of Lotsgatan, on the Skatudden

residential district, and the streets consist solely of vast tenements of flats. In England we would be prepared to see long rows of barrack-like buildings, each repeating the other with tiresome regularity and monotony. A walk through the Skatudden, however, is as interesting as turning over the pages of a picture-book. The richly varied skyline, broken by turrets, minarets, and gables, reminds one of some fabled city of the East. The street corners present no sharp, stiff angles, and remarkable ingenuity has been displayed in their various treatment. Here the corner has been simply rounded, here it has been doubled, here again it has been cut away at the foot, and overhangs perilously above. Sometimes this overhanging portion is supported by a single pillar of granite. A remarkable pillar of this kind, supporting the building like the leg of a table, is to be seen at the top of Lots-gatan. The usual material is brick covered with plaster, supported upon a lower course, or lower storey of granite. On the ground floor one enters through a portal that might belong to a temple of Memphis to a grocery or tobacco-shop. The plaster work has afforded endless scope for decorative treatment. A keen appreciation has been shown for the value of blank surfaces, and ornament is introduced sparingly to relieve an arch or the supports of

a balcony or bay window. Almost all the flora and fauna of Finland have been drawn upon for motives. Over one door swims a procession of swans; a row of owls supports a bay window; here a bear's head forms the keystone of an arch, and here a squatting frog; here again is a frieze of oak leaves with acorns, of dandelions, or of pine-cones and needles; in a door the glass panel is designed in the form of a spider's web, and on the wooden panel of another has been carved a knot of mice tied together by the tail. In Kronbergsgatan may be seen a back court of a tenement which it is a delight to gaze upon.

Much of this is sheer wantonness of fancy, and has little or no foundation either in the permanent character of the artist or in the medium in which he works. Some of it is feeble, some of it is bad, some of it is shockingly bad. But it is invariably interesting and stimulating. There is a freshness, a verve, an intense delight in artistic representation that we miss in the prosaic banalities and arid scholasticism with which we are so familiar at home. There is movement, life, effort, experiment here. And the best work has a beauty which is based upon permanent elements, upon the rude strength of the granite, upon the delicate grace and simplicity of the plaster surface, and upon the vigorous, independent spirit of the North.

VI

ÅBO AND TAMMERFORS

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ÅBO

ÅBO, the ancient capital of Finland, lies at the mouth of the river Aura, on the south-western coast of Finland, facing Sweden. Previous to the nineteenth century Åbo was not only the most important town in Finland, but practically the only town; all the others were mere villages. But Åbo, a traveller¹ at the beginning of that century tells us, "ranks next to Stockholm and Gothenburg in point of grandeur, and, if we except the two last, is the largest town in all Scandinavia." At that time Åbo had a population of 10,000,

¹ E. D. Clarke, "Travels in Scandinavia," 1824.

and had attained some importance as a trading port. Practically the whole population of Finland did its shopping at the capital, some travelling hundreds of miles on sledges to attend the fairs there. But though Åbo has been eclipsed by the more rapid growth of the new capital, Helsingfors, it has continued to grow steadily both in size and in prosperity. With a population of 46,000 in 1907, it is the second largest town in Finland, and its proximity to Stockholm gives it great commercial importance.

This part of Finland came most directly under Swedish influences. It was largely colonised by Swedes, and the inhabitants still retain their ancient language. The estates and chateaux of many of the oldest noble families of Sweden are to be found scattered over the country-side. Åbo still remains Swedish in language, race, tone, and sentiment. There is considerable jealousy between the ancient and the modern capitals, and the people of Åbo loudly assert the superior attractions of their town as a port of entry into Finland. Its proximity to Stockholm, the beauty of its surroundings, its historical associations, and its complete railway communications with other parts of Finland will certainly continue to make Åbo a favourite calling-place for travellers.

The approach to Åbo by sea is one of great beauty and interest. In the Skärgård or archi-

pelago which fringes the coast here, the islands are larger and more numerous than on any other part of the Finnish coast. They extend in a continuous belt almost three-quarters of the distance to Sweden across the Gulf of Bothnia, many of them cultivated and beautifully wooded, and maintaining a considerable population. About half-way from Stockholm the steamer reaches the important group of the Åland Islands, on the largest of which is a small town, Mariehamn, with a population of over 1000. Here, in Lumparen Bay, the allied French and British fleets assembled in 1854 to bombard the fortress of Bomarsund, the ruins of which may still be seen. At the end of the Crimean War Russia undertook not to fortify these islands again, or to maintain there any military or naval establishments, but within the past year this question has been raised afresh.

There is now direct railway communication between Åbo and Helsingfors, the journey of 134 miles occupying $5\frac{1}{4}$ hours. The train stops for five or ten minutes at the stations Karis and Salo, where there are good buffets. The country is not specially picturesque, but it is the best cultivated in Finland. The best Finnish horses are bred here, and much butter is made and exported to England. Many familiar features of the Finnish landscape will be noted; the long pole, balanced and weighted at one end, which is used

for raising water from the well; the hay-fields, with their rows of long posts bristling with spokes like hat-pegs, which are used to dry the hay; the peculiar fences of slanting boards; the houses built of logs, with the family bath-house or "sauna" standing a little apart. Often, in the evening, dense clouds of steam may be seen proceeding from every crevice of some little building, and the traveller is tempted to think it may be on fire. But it is only the family enjoying its bath after the labour of the day. The Finnish bath consists of vapour, which is created by throwing water over the stove or great boulders, which have been heated red hot. The heat of the bath is well-nigh intolerable to one who has not been accustomed to it, but the Finns enjoy it, and beat their bodies with little bunches of birch twigs to increase the perspiration. In the winter they will often rush out of the bath-house and roll themselves in the snow, shouting with delight. The "sauna" is endowed with all the sanctity of the hearth. It is the unfailing refuge in case of illness, and it is usual for children to be born there.

These homely domestic scenes are very dear to the Finns, as is testified by many passages in the *Kalevala*—

"Should I visit Sariola,
Visit once again these borders,

No one here would bid me welcome ;
Nothing in these hills would greet me,
Save perchance a few things only ;
By the fence a clump of osiers,
And a landmark at the corner
Which in early youth I planted
When a child of little stature."

Åbo stretches for about two miles along both banks of the Aura. At the western extremity, close to the mouth of the river, is the old castle, Åbohus, and right at the other extremity is the cathedral (*Domkyrkan*), the two most interesting buildings in the town. On a hill, on the north bank near the castle, is the Kakola House of Correction, while on another hill, on the south bank near the cathedral, is the old observatory, now a navigation school. The streets and squares are abnormally wide, and almost all the houses are built of wood, contain but a single storey, and are surrounded by enormous courtyards. This latter feature is a precaution against the spread of fire, which has caused such terrible disasters in the past.

Åbo first makes its appearance in history in 1157, when the Swedes invaded pagan Finland, bent on conquest and conversion. They were encouraged on this mission by the Pope, an Englishman, who had previously served in Scandinavia, and they were accompanied by Henry, Bishop of Upsala, another Englishman, who is

now the patron saint of Finland. A little village called Korois then existed two miles farther up the river, and it was here that the first church, St. Mary's, was built, in 1161. This church may still be seen in fair preservation. About the end of the thirteenth century it was resolved to shift the capital to the mouth of the river, and to build a strong castle for its protection. The cathedral also was built at the same period, and was dedicated to St. Henry. In 1318 the town was captured and the cathedral pillaged by the Russians. Since that time it has repeatedly suffered disaster from fire, from pestilence, and from the sword. In 1509 it was sacked and burned by the Danes, and two centuries later the armies of Peter the Great had their will of it. It is said that some of the earliest buildings in St. Petersburg, which Peter had just founded, contain bricks carried off by the Russians from Åbo as trophies. The university was founded here by Per Brahe in 1640. After the annexation of Finland by Russia, the capital was transferred to Helsingfors in 1812, and a few years later, the old building having been destroyed by fire and many of the treasures lost, the university was also transferred to the new capital.

The cathedral is a heavy Gothic building of brick upon a granite foundation in the severe Scandinavian style. It stands on slightly rising



ÅBO : From the Navigation College

ground near the river, and has a very imposing appearance across the wide square which it confronts. In this square are two statues of national heroes, Count Per Brahe, the Governor-General who founded the university, and Henrik Gabriel Porthan, the learned Åbo professor who flourished at the end of the eighteenth century, who edited the first Finnish newspaper, and who astonished foreign visitors by gabbling Latin more fluently than they could talk their mother tongues.

This cathedral was the burial-place of many of the noblest families of Sweden and Finland, and their names may be read on the monuments in the various chapels—Horn, Tott, Brahe, Finke, Munk, Birkholtz, &c. The visitor from Scotland will be surprised to recognise several surnames familiar in the annals of his country. Colonel Samuel Cockburn and General Wedderburn were Scottish adventurers who distinguished themselves in the service of Sweden in the wars of the seventeenth century. In the vaults are the mummified remains of many of the noble dead. They were exhibited freely till repeated acts of vandalism caused them to be placed under lock and key. The original organ was presented in 1765 by a Mr. Wittforth, a native of Lübeck, who had settled in Åbo and grown rich by commerce. Mr. E. D. Clarke mentions in his "Travels" (1824), that a portrait of the donor,

in quaint old English dress, adorned the centre of the organ. It perished in the great fire of 1827, and the present organ was built with the legacy of a patriotic Finnish baker. Ekman, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, decorated the walls of the cathedral with several frescoes representing Bishop Henry baptizing the Finns, Bishop Agricola offering Gustavus Vasa the New Testament translated into Finnish, and scenes from the life of Christ. A number of stained-glass windows were presented by the artist, Vladimir Svertschkoff, one of which represents Queen Catherine Månsdotter resigning the Swedish Crown and descending from the throne leaning on a Finnish page, to end her days in a quiet refuge in Finland.

In the Kankas Chapel, so called after the ancient estate of the Horn family, is also to be seen the sarcophagus erected in 1865 to the memory of this Queen who saw such strange reversals of fortune. Her romantic story is that of King Kophetua and the Beggar Maid. Catherine was born the daughter of a common soldier. Eric XIV. saw her, a small child, selling nuts in the market at Stockholm, and he was so struck by her grace and beauty that he had her brought to the palace, in service, and educated. He fell in love with her in his wild, passionate way, and in spite of all opposition, insisted on marrying



CLEFT OF HELL: At Virdois, north of Tammerfors

her. The people believed that she had given him a love potion. The story is told that when a fellow-prince sent him a present of a garment with a clumsy coarse patch in it, in derision of his *mésalliance*, he returned the garment with the patch broidered over with jewels, so that it was the most precious part of the whole. Eric was deposed by his brother, Duke John, who confined him in prison, first in Åbo Castle, then in Castelholm, on one of the Åland Islands, and finally in Gripsholm, in Sweden, where he died of poison in 1577. After his deposition, Catherine retired to Liuksiala, in the interior of Finland, near Tammerfors, where she ended her days in peace.

The castle is a grim and forbidding structure with little grace of architecture. In its early days it was a royal residence. Until recently, part of it was used as a prison, while another part contains an interesting historical museum.

Åbo is not so well supplied with public parks as other Finnish towns, probably because the islands are so near and accessible. There are restaurants in pleasant little gardens at Sampalinna, on the river-side, and on Vårdberget, or Observatory Hill. Kuppis Park, with a good restaurant, lies at the south end of Nylandsgatan, which runs through Cathedral Square. Here is shown St. Henry's spring, at which the bishop

is said to have baptized the first converts in Finland. But the real pleasure-ground of Åbo is on the islands, the Skärgård.

Numerous small steamers ply on the river between the town and the islands, of which Runsalö, a large island six miles long lying just at the mouth of the river, is the favourite resort. Not far from the castle a long wooden bridge (toll, 5p.) runs across the shallow reed-grown channel which separates it from the mainland. This beautiful island, now the property of the town, was formerly a royal domain. It has some bold and picturesque cliffs, and the climate is so mild in this sheltered spot that trees grow luxuriantly which are seldom to be found in other parts of Finland. In addition to the usual fir, pine, and birch, the woods abound in poplar, maple, elm, ash, and splendid oaks. Flowers, strawberries, raspberries, and other berries grow in profusion. The oak is rarer now in Finland than it was in old times, when, the *Kalevala* tells us, it grew so tall and spread its branches so wide that

“ In their course the clouds it hindered,
And the driving clouds impeded,
And it hid the shining sunlight
And the gleaming of the moonlight.”

On a hot summer day this leafy island, redolent with the scent of the pines, is a very paradise.

Near the centre is a spring which bears the name of the poet Choræus, who loved to linger here. At the far end, on the Allmänna Promenaden, is an excellent restaurant. There is another restaurant at Lilla Bocken, on the larger island of Hirvensalo, opposite Runsalo, where also sea-bathing may be enjoyed.

Longer excursions may be made through the Skärgård to Nådendal or Salo. Nådendal, about thirteen miles from Åbo, is a flourishing little watering-place with about 1000 inhabitants. It is famous for its mud baths, and boasts several hydropathic establishments. There are two hotels, and rooms are let in almost every house. Salo is only distant about forty miles by rail from Åbo, but the steamer must make a very circuitous voyage, occupying about five hours, through the islands to reach it at the head of a long narrow fjord. On the way many of the chateaux and mansions of the old Swedish nobility are passed. One may return to Åbo the same day either by steamer or by rail. Steamers also run to the old ruined castle of Kuustö.

TAMMERFORS

Tammerfors, the Manchester of Finland, and the third largest town, with 43,000 inhabitants, presents a striking contrast to the English manu-

facturing town. The atmosphere is pure and bright, the streets are wide and clean, there are no slums, and the surrounding country has not been blasted by smoke and poisonous fumes. The power which drives the mills of Tammerfors has not been derived from the black coal of the mines, but from the "white coal" of the broad river which foams in rapids through the town, bearing the overflow of Näsijärvi into Pyhäjärvi. The town lies on the narrow neck of land which separates the two great lakes in the midst of some of the most picturesque river, lake, and woodland scenery in Finland. North and south stretch the limpid waters of the lakes, with their long perspectives of wooded promontories and islands; while on the east and on the west the pine woods reach close up to the houses.

Tammerfors lies in the very heart of the southwest corner of Finland, about 100 miles from the sea on either side. It is in direct railway communication with all the chief ports, and is reached in $4\frac{1}{4}$ hours from Åbo and $5\frac{1}{4}$ hours from Helsingfors. Passengers from Åbo change at Toijala Junction, where, ten minutes later, they catch the through train from Helsingfors. The route lies through the chief agricultural and stock-rearing districts, which support a large population, as may be seen by the numerous little red log-houses and farm-steadings. Dense forests alternate with

great clearings of cultivated land and long stretches of peat which were once covered with trees, and which the farmers are now reclaiming by grubbing up the old stumps and roots. The line from Åbo is through very sandy country, and, unless the carriage window is kept closed, seats and garments are quickly covered with a thick layer of dust. The cosmopolitan nature of the travellers is indicated by the fact that the notices in the carriages are printed in six languages—Finnish, Swedish, Russian, German, French, and English.

On approaching Tammerfors, especially from Åbo, a marked change begins to appear in the character of the population. The Swedish element disappears. Tammerfors is a purely Finnish town. The traveller who has learned a few words of Swedish and hitherto found them useful will now be puzzled to find that the common people do not understand them. This sudden change gives rise to considerable confusion, as when one finds the station porters no longer wearing the Swedish word "Bärare" on their caps, but the Finnish word "Kantaja."

The belt of land between the two lakes is only a mile wide, and in traversing this the river falls 58 feet. The noise of the rapids can be heard half a mile away. The best view is obtained from the higher of the two bridges. The river is lined by great factories, and the flood, as it comes

boiling down from Näsijärvi, is caught and led off into an intricate system of channels and ducts. The giant of the lakes has been harnessed, and works, like Samson at Gaza, in the mill with slaves. Far below, the waters having spent their energy, may be seen spouting out into the river again.

Though the town was founded in 1779, it was not till well on in the nineteenth century that it attained any importance, or that there was any thought of utilising the energy of the rapids. In 1812 Dr. Patterson, one of the founders of the Russian Bible Society, passed through Tammerfors, and the shrewd intellect which guided this great missionary enterprise was immediately struck by the commercial value of the rapids for driving machinery. Some years later he mentioned it to a Mr. Finlayson, a Scotsman who had settled in St. Petersburg. On further investigation Mr. Finlayson was convinced that Dr. Patterson was right. He prepared plans, and, with financial assistance from the Government, erected several mills. The town grew rapidly, and among the factories now to be found there are cotton, woollen, and linen mills, dye-works, paper, felt, celluloid, and wood-pulp factories, and saw-mills. The familiar accents of Lancashire and Yorkshire may often be heard in the streets, for many of the mill-managers have been attracted by good salaries from the North of England. Permission to view

the factories will generally be graciously accorded on application at the office. The pretty garden of Mr. Nottbeck, one of the factory-owners, at the head of the rapids, may be visited by permission.

Through the centre of the town a noble esplanade, with six rows of lime-trees, runs north and south across the narrow neck of land. In the evening it is crowded with promenaders. Across the north end of it runs the high barrier ridge through which, at its eastern extremity, the lake waters burst. This ridge is here laid out as a rock garden, gay with flowers and beautiful grass slopes. It ends abruptly in a steep cliff, at the foot of which runs the railway to Björneborg, with the harbour beyond it. On the granite-coped wall the promenaders rest and gaze northwards over the waters of the great lake glowing in the rosy light of sunset, with the pine-clad promontories, one beyond another, fading into the distance in varying shades of purple.

In an open space to the west of the town, near Alexanderstorget, the young men may be seen practising athletic feats of skill and strength in the evenings—jumping, vaulting, and throwing the disc. The mildness of the northern summer may be judged from the fact that many of them are quite naked save for very small white pants, like bathing-pants, while their

tanned-brown skins indicate that they are used to this exposure. In the pine wood beyond, about half a mile out of the town, is a good view tower (admission 10p.; mineral waters), with an outlook over both lakes and over the town. At the dinner-hour or in the evening troops of mill girls are to be seen returning through the wood from some factory on the lake side. They look very picturesque in these "garden-city" surroundings in their bright print dresses, with their shawls over their heads, and with their feet bare. Their English sisters have to work in a less pleasant environment.

The manner in which wood as a building material is being supplanted by brick and granite indicates the prosperity of the town. The Market Square, Köpmansgatan, and the Esplanade are beginning to rival Helsingfors in the magnificence of their buildings and in the originality of the architecture. The Girls' School, at the corner of Vestra Esplanadgatan and Hamngatan, built of brick and covered with plaster rough cast, is the work of a lady architect, Mademoiselle Vivi Lönn, practising in the town. At the corner of Köpmansgatan and Västerlångatan is a remarkable building designed by the firm Gesellius, Lindgren & Saarinen, whose work is so conspicuous a feature of Helsingfors. The first storey is built of huge blocks of granite,

some chiselled smooth and others rough-hewn, while the superstructure is of brick covered with plaster. The decorations of the windows and doorways, especially the extraordinary grotesques of the portals on the Västerlångatan frontage, and the fittings of the common stair leading to the suites of offices and private flats, are well worthy of inspection. Alexanders Kyrkan, facing the Esplanade, in the midst of a well laid out garden, is a rather commonplace Gothic building in red brick. Johannes Kyrkan, at the other end of the town, recently erected, is a magnificent Gothic building in granite, in which the influence of the modern art movement is clearly visible.

Excursions by steamer may be made on either lake, the accommodation being very comfortable. Long journeys into the interior are possible on Lake Näsijärvi. A $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours' sail takes one to Kuru, $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours to Ruovesi, on the shores of a lake of the same name, and 9 hours to Virdois, at the north-west extremity of the lake system, in the midst of very beautiful scenery. A steamer goes to Birkkala, on Pyhäjärvi, daily, a most picturesque voyage. About two miles from the town is a narrow pass known as Thermopylæ. On another branch of the same lake system, about 12 miles east of Tammerfors, overland, is the Ridge of Kangasala, famous in song, and rivalling Punkaharju in beauty.

VII

GULF OF FINLAND AND VIBORG

THE GULF: Helsingfors to Viborg Routes—Borgå—Lovisa—Kotka—Fredrikshamn—The Island of Högland—Cronstadt.

VIBORG: Viborg the key to the Lakes—The Castle—The Market-Place—Restaurants, &c.—“Mon Repos”—The Park—Environs.

THE GULF OF FINLAND

VIBORG, the starting-point from which to explore the beauties of the Saima Lake and Imatra, is only four hours distant by rail from St. Petersburg, and most tourists take the opportunity of a visit to Finland to obtain a glimpse of the Russian capital. Steamers leave Helsingfors almost daily for St. Petersburg, and *vice versa*. The railway journey from Helsingfors to Viborg and St. Petersburg offers few interesting features *en route*. If, however, the traveller has little time to spare, he will find the railway journey both comfortable and cheap. The express trains travel by night, and sleeping berths can be obtained for a small extra pay-

ment (first-class 12m., and second-class 6m.). A whole day is thus saved. Besides the steamers to St. Petersburg, a small coasting steamer leaves Helsingfors once a week, on Fridays at 1 A.M., for Viborg, where it arrives the same evening at 7.30, having called at Lovisa, Kotka, and Fredrikshamn *en route*.

Borgå (population 5000) is only about thirty miles distant from Helsingfors, and no better way of seeing the beauties of the Skärgård can be found than to take one of the small steamers to Borgå, spend the day there, and return by steamer or train in the evening. This old-fashioned little town, with its quaint cathedral, played a prominent part in the history of Finland during the wars between Sweden and Russia, and its inhabitants are still of the Swedish stock and language. It was here that the Finnish Diet met in 1807, took the oath of fealty to Alexander I., and consummated the Act of *Union* with Russia, which Finns regard as the charter of their domestic independence. Runeberg, the national poet, lived and died at Borgå, and his house has been acquired by the State as a memorial.

Lovisa (population 3000) is a dreamy little place, which seems to have been passed by in the great rush of progress. Its sheltered position makes it an ideal summer resort. It has a hydropathic establishment, and Russian families

often come here for the "cure." The town is surrounded by beautiful woods, and there is good sea-bathing. It takes its name from Louisa Ulrika, a Queen of Sweden. The ruined fortifications show that it once had considerable importance as an outpost of Swedish rule.

Kotka (population 9000), on the other hand, is entirely a creation of the last few years. It was founded in 1879 on an island at one of the mouths of the river Kymmene, and it has grown with transatlantic rapidity. It is now the centre of the timber trade of Southern Finland. The river Kymmene drains the great Päijänne lake system, whose basin occupies the centre of Southern Finland. Down this broad torrent, and over its many rapids, are floated the logs which have been felled in the far interior during the winter. The town gives a fête when the number of logs floated down in any one year reaches a million. Many saw-mills and pulp-factories have been erected near the various rapids. The harbour is always busy in summer with ships loading sawn timber and pit props, which are generally consigned to the North of England. The Russian fleet is often stationed here.

Fredrikshamn (population 3000), which lies only 12 miles north-east of Kotka, is of considerable historical importance, but in modern times it has been completely eclipsed by its pushful rival.

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Its name is derived from Frederic I. of Sweden. It was ceded to Russia in 1743, when the river Kymmene became the Swedish frontier. The old town, surrounded by star-shaped fortifications, which are now in ruins, is built in the form of a wheel, the streets radiating like spokes from an octagonal space in the centre of which is the Town Hall. The treaty whereby Sweden ceded the whole of Finland to Russia was signed at Fredrikshamn in 1809.

Twenty-six miles out at sea, almost in the middle of the Gulf, rises the large solitary island of Högland, a huge mass of porphyry, granite, and green-stone, forming a prominent landmark. The island, which is about seven miles long by two miles broad, has 800 inhabitants, of the true Finnish stock, who are famous as pilots and sailors. The scenery is very wild and rugged, and some of the glens are luxuriantly wooded. The highest point is Lounatkorkia (518 feet). Excursions are frequently made from Kotka and Fredrikshamn, and visitors must remember to take an adequate supply of provisions with them as shopping facilities are limited. Högland is famous for its quarries, which furnished the porphyry for the tomb of Napoleon I. in Paris.

The approach to St. Petersburg is guarded by the frowning embrasures of the fortress of Cronstadt, built upon some islands about

eighteen miles from the capital, and completely dominating the narrow channel. This stronghold, which is believed to be impregnable, has bulked largely in the imaginations of sensational fiction writers. It was founded by the far-seeing Peter the Great, but it is said that the modern rulers of Russia regard it as obsolete, and seek a key to the Baltic much further west. In 1855 the Anglo-French fleets lay for some weeks north of Cronstadt, near the Tolboukin lighthouse, but the waters being sown with dangerous mines, they decided that discretion was the better part of valour, and sailed back to bombard Sveaborg. On the principal island is the town of Cronstadt with over 60,000 inhabitants, a busy commercial port, in which is the British Seamen's Hospital, a well-endowed institution. Father John of Cronstadt, a miracle-working priest, has of recent years attained great fame or notoriety throughout Russia, and many pilgrimages are made to his house. The Gulf is here very shallow, and it has been found necessary to construct a great "sea canal" from Cronstadt right up to the mouth of the Neva. The Wilson Line and Lassman Line steamers land their passengers at the Gutuyefski Quay, at the mouth of the river, about three miles from the centre of the town. The Finnish steamers proceed right up the Neva and moor at the Vassili Ostrof Quay

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on the opposite side to St. Isaac's Cathedral. Luggage is examined by the Customs officers on landing, and porters in uniform from the chief hotels, with omnibuses, are in attendance.

VIBORG

Viborg is the Oban of Finland. It has not much to offer in itself, but it is the key to the beauties of Imatra, of the Saima Lake, of Nyslott and Punkaharju, and of Lake Ladoga. From it the lines of travel radiate all over the fair provinces of Karelia and Savolaks. Seen from a distance, with its bold castle battlements and its numerous church domes, Viborg looks rather picturesque, but, viewed from within, it seems dingy. It shows more traces of Russification than any other Finnish town, as witness the shop signs, which is not to be wondered at, seeing that for a hundred years before the rest of Finland was joined to Russia the Viborg province was Russian territory. After the Union in 1809 Russia restored to Finland her lost province.

The Castle, which is the most imposing building in the town, was founded in 1293 by the great Torkel Knutson to protect the eastern conquests of Sweden against the Novgorod adventurers who were already pressing north of the Neva. The walls bear the marks of many a

siege and assault. It was Peter the Great who finally, after a prolonged struggle, wrested it from Sweden in 1710. With the development of modern military science such defences have become obsolete, and now it remains only as a picturesque relic of the brave days of old.

The Market Square, which is situated on the edge of the harbour, at the north end of the Esplanade, presents a very lively spectacle in the morning. From all the surrounding country the peasants drive into the town with their produce and sell it direct to the townsfolk. Their light, roughly built carts and shaggy little ponies are ranged in rows along the market-place, and the thrifty housewife, attended by a maid, passes from one to another inspecting their wares. The vegetable and fruit stalls speak eloquently of the small cottage garden with primitive methods of cultivation. A small farmer has killed a sheep and is driving a keen bargain for the best cuts. Another has a few tiny kegs of butter covered with a layer of grass to keep it cool. A fisherman displays his catch of speckled beauties. Peasant women and children offer baskets heaped with tiny wild strawberries or bilberries gathered in the woods. Buxom women preside at bakers' stalls piled with ring-shaped loaves and the queer twisted rolls, called "Kringlas," for which Viborg is famous. Other stalls are devoted to

household utensils, baskets of birch bark, coarse hardware, knives, &c. Visitors frequently purchase one of the little Finnish knives in a sheath, such as every workman wears at his belt, as a souvenir, but they should remember not to try to take it with them across the Russian frontier. It looks harmless enough, but the officials regard it as a "dangerous weapon," and the author once had considerable difficulty in getting one passed.

The ancient round tower in the market-place, popularly known as "The Fat Katerina," once formed a part of the fortifications. The Esplanade occupies the site of the old walls, and it is now a favourite promenade. One may lunch very pleasantly under the shade of the trees at the Esplanade Pavilion Restaurant, the manager of which speaks English. Another good restaurant is the St. Anne near the castle, just across the Åbo Bridge, in a little park. The best shops are in Katarinegatan. For the rest, there is not much to see within the town, but in the heat of the afternoon—and it can be very hot in Viborg—a pleasant bathe may be enjoyed from the western sea-front.

But no visitor should leave Viborg without seeing the beautiful private domain of Baron Nicolai, which lies less than two miles out of the town across the Åbo Bridge. The cab fare is 1 m., and one can walk back along the shore of

the land-locked Gulf Suomenvedenpohja. The name of this domain, "Mon Repos," is in itself an idyll redolent of the elegant relaxation of the grand seignoral age. It was founded by a former military governor of Finland, and at a later period Marie Theodorovna, the wife of the Emperor Paul, lived in it and contributed much to the adornment of the park. It came into the possession of the Nicolai family as a reward for services rendered to the Crown. The public are admitted every day except Tuesdays and Fridays on payment of an entrance fee of 40p., which is devoted to the relief of the poor in Viborg.

The park abounds in high, rugged cliffs and little valleys wooded with fine old trees, and it has been laid out with a keen eye to the beauty of its natural features. The house contains a collection of pictures by Russian artists of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries, and also a number of curious old weapons. Turning to the left from the house we enter a narrow glen, passing an arbour high on the cliff to the left, and, further on, a fountain. Right at the edge of the Gulf there is a statue by the famous Finnish sculptor, Takanen, representing the Bard Väinämöinen playing on his kantele. Returning along the shore we pass an island on which is a tiny Gothic castle, Ludwigsstein, the family sepulchre. A little temple on

the point of a high promontory affords fine views of the coast. Passing the house again we come to an obelisk erected by the first of the Nicolais to own the place to the memory of his brothers-in-law, the Dukes de Broglie, who fell, one at Austerlitz and the other at Culm. Proceeding, we pass two islands decorated with a pavilion and a column, and near them is Marie's Tower which recalls the memory of the Empress. We are now at the southern end of the park, where a little wicket-gate is permitted to be used by the inhabitants of the neighbouring villas. Returning along the boundary fence, through a plantation, we find a foot-bridge leading across to *Belle Vue* Tower, from which a footpath leads down to the shore, and so back to Viborg through the villas of Pikryki.

The surroundings of Viborg are very beautiful, and they are a favourite summer resort of St. Petersburg families. All along the shores of the Gulf, along the banks of the Saima Canal, and scattered throughout the islands with which the wide fjord abounds, are numerous groups of villas and châteaux all built of wood and enbosomed in the pines. Here may be spent two or three delightful months free from many of the restrictions of life in Russia. The fjord is too shallow for the larger steamers to ascend as far as Viborg, so the commercial port is on the island

of Trångsund, about eight miles distant from the town. A pleasant tour of the Viborg Skärgård may be made by boarding one of the little steamers which are constantly plying between the town and Trångsund.



IMATRA : Above the Rapids

VIII

THE SAIMA CANAL AND IMATRA

The Show-places of Finland—Routes.

THE SAIMA CANAL : The Internal Waterways—Construction of Saima Canal—Dimensions of the Canal—The Canal Steamers—The Canal Locks from Lovola to Rättijärvi—Rättijärvi to Imatra by Road—The Canal Locks from Rättijärvi to Lake Saima—Villmanstrand to Vuoksenniska and Imatra.

IMATRA : The Railway Route—Viborg to Antrea—Antrea—Antrea to Imatra—First Sight of the Rapids—A National Reserve—The Spectacle—Points of Vantage—Pot Holes—Utilitarian Innovations—Excursions to Vallinkoski and Rauha—A Fishing River.

THE Waterfall, or more correctly the Rapids, of Imatra have long been the great show-place of Finland. The whole of the overflow of the Saima Lake system is poured through the river Vuoksi into Lake Ladoga. Five miles from where it leaves Lake Saima the Vuoksi is confined in a narrow gorge about half a mile long. In this distance it falls 60 feet, the enormous volume of water thundering over a very rugged bottom. The surrounding country is very picturesque, and Imatra forms a natural stopping-

place for all travellers visiting the lakes. The completion of the railway has made it the most accessible of all the beautiful places in the interior of Finland. It is only three hours distant from Viborg, and seven hours from St. Petersburg by rail. The tourist who has only one day to spare spends it in seeing Imatra; he who has more takes it on his way.

The visitor to Imatra has the choice of two routes from Viborg. The railway is the more rapid and cheaper. The return journey can be done comfortably in a day. The Saima Canal is more picturesque and offers much greater variety, but one requires two days to visit the falls by this route. The canal trip may be varied by leaving the steamer at Lock Rättijärvi and driving the rest of the way (26 miles) to Imatra in the diligence or other carriage.

THE SAIMA CANAL

In her lakes Finland possesses the most magnificent system of inland communications that any country enjoys. Unfortunately these lakes were shut off from any communication with the outer world. The great rivers which carry off their overflow are rendered quite unnavigable by their frequent rapids. The Neva affords a noble water high-road into Lake Ladoga, but a steamer would

have as much chance of steaming up Niagara as of negotiating the terrible rapids of Imatra, which obstruct the passage of the river Vuoksi between Lakes Saima and Ladoga.

As early as the sixteenth century attempts were made to connect the Saima Lake system with the Gulf of Finland by means of a canal, but the engineering and financial difficulties proved insurmountable. The difference in the levels was 256 feet, and there was a solid wall of the hardest Finnish granite to cut through. The Emperor Nicholas I. keenly interested himself in this project for the development of the resources of Finland, and he finally approved the plans of the engineer, Rozenkampf. The construction of the canal was entrusted to the famous Swedish engineer, Ericson, who completed it in 1856, after eleven years of labour, at the comparatively small cost of half a million sterling. It has been of almost incalculable value to the interior of Finland. In 1904 the number of vessels which passed through it was 8853. It brought in a revenue of 671,755m., and the net profit amounted to 491,021m.

The Saima canal is 37 miles in length. Of this total 17 miles consist of natural lakes previously existing, while the remaining 20 miles had to be dug and cut out. Vessels coming from the Gulf are raised the 256 feet to the level of the lake by

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means of a series of twenty-eight locks built of massive granite. The minimum breadth of the canal is 39 feet, and its minimum depth is $8\frac{3}{4}$ feet, so that it is navigable by vessels drawing not more than 8 feet.

The canal steamers leave Viborg from the quay near the "Slott," or Castle, and proceed westward under the railway bridge into the large land-locked bay called Suomenvedenpohja. The railway is carried three-quarters of the way across the haven upon a peculiar and characteristic ridge of land. Picking its way through a large group of islands, the steamer turns north. On the right hand is the Huusulemi Park, a favourite resort of the Viborgers; and a little further on, on the left, are the famous house and grounds of "Mon Repos," where the scenery of Finland is said to be reproduced in miniature. The shores on each side are lined with picturesque villas and summer cottages surrounded by fine pine woods. At the northern extremity of the bay the steamer enters the canal through

Lock No. 28, *Lovolo*.

On each side many villas are to be seen. This is a favourite resort of Petersburg families. The steamer enters upon a long narrow lake which at the top widens out and is called Junstilajärvi. A large arm is thrown off to the south-east, and a craggy, well-wooded island at the mouth affords

some beautiful views. It is possible to reach the river Vuoksi by proceeding down this branch in canoes, as the more adventurous sometimes do. They ascend a small rapid river at the end, pass beneath the railway, drag their canoes over the dam of a saw-mill, hire a cart to transport them some seven miles overland to the village of Heinjoki, whence there is an open passage northwards to the Vuoksi, 10 miles below Antrea :

Locks Nos. 27, 26, 25, *Juustila*.

The steamer takes more than twenty minutes to pass these three locks, rising 28 feet in the process. Passengers can go ashore and walk along the banks. There is an excellent little restaurant. The steamer gives notice of its departure by three whistles at intervals of several minutes. The canal enters upon a small lake, Parvilainenjärvi, after which come

Locks Nos. 24, 23, *Parvila* ;

Locks Nos. 22, 21, *Särkijärvi*.

Almost immediately after the steamer enters the long narrow lake Särkijärvi, with wild and rugged shores. At the top of this lake a narrow cutting between great overhanging cliffs leads to the much larger lake, Rättijärvi. This is counted the finest part of the whole canal. It is a favourite resort of the wealthier Petersburgers. At the north end of the lake the canal commences again with

Locks Nos. 20, 19, *Rättijärvi*.

At this station many passengers leave the steamer and proceed across country, 26 miles by diligence or by hired carriage with posting-horses. The diligence starts from the Hotel "Imatra," near the locks, at which a good meal can be obtained. Horses are changed once between Rättijärvi and Imatra.

For the remaining part of the canal journey, up to near the end, the scenery is much tamer. After leaving the last lock the steamer traverses a long narrow lake, Lietjärvi, until it arrives at a series of three locks with the same name :

Locks Nos. 18, 17, 16, *Lietjärvi* ; then

Locks No. 15, 14, 13, *Great Pälli* ; and

Lock No. 12, *Little Pälli*.

Having risen this remarkable height, the steamer crosses the wide, island-strewn lake, Nujamajärvi, and enters

Lock No. 11, *Räihä*.

A few miles further on the village of Kansola is passed upon the right. There is a posting-station here, and passengers who wish a change sometimes hire a carriage and drive alongside the canal for about seven miles to Mustola. The steamer takes an hour and forty minutes to cover the distance, having to pass through the following :

Lock No. 10, *Turmaja*.

Lock No. 9, *Tuohimäki*.

Locks Nos. 8, 7, 6, *Lower Mustola*.



THE VUOKSI RIVER : Above the Inmatra Rapids

There is here a dock for repairs. From this point the scenery becomes very picturesque. The cutting through of this great granite barrier was by far the most costly part of the whole undertaking :

Lock No. 5, *Upper Mustola*.

Locks Nos. 4, 3, 2, *Mälkiä*.

Lock No. 1, *Lauritsala*.

The road from Imatra to Willmanstrand crosses the canal here, and, on each side of the bridge, enormous granite obelisks have been erected bearing the names of the two Emperors, Nicholas I. and Alexander II., in whose reigns the canal was commenced and completed. A little further on the initials "A & M." of Alexander III. and his consort, Maria Theodorovna, have been carved on a cliff in memory of their visit in 1885.

The steamer now leaves the canal and enters the great Saima Lake. Five miles along the coast, to the left, it reaches Villmanstrand. Thence a small lake steamer conveys passengers along the south coast of the lake to Vuoksenniska, the beginning of the river Vuoksi, five miles from Imatra, which may be reached either by rail or by driving.

IMATRA

From Viborg an important line of railway runs north-east to Sordavala, on the northern shore of

Lake Ladoga, whence it is continued north to Joensuu. The line is carried across the broad Vuoksi River on an iron bridge, on the other side of which is Antrea Junction. From this station a branch line runs north, along the left bank of the Vuoksi, to Imatra, and is continued five miles further to Vuoksenniska, on the shore of Lake Saima. Large parties of excursionists, chiefly from St. Petersburg, travel every day during the summer by this railway to visit the famous rapids. Trains leave Viborg regularly for Imatra ten minutes after the arrival of the St. Petersburg express. The journey occupies three hours.

For the first few miles after leaving Viborg the scenery is rather tame, a dreary stretch of low-wooded swamps. Then a tract of country is passed through, sown in the most extraordinary manner with boulders of all shapes and sizes. Just after the station Karisalmi the railway is carried across a large lake, Kavantjärvi, on one of those narrow, natural ridges of land which are so frequently met with in Finnish waters. In a few minutes over an hour the broad valley of the Vuoksi is reached. Its two branches are spanned by iron bridges, on either side of which magnificent prospects are opened up. The northward view is especially fine in the evening when the sun is setting just over the head of the river, in whose waters it is reflected in a long column of

wavering gold. In crossing, by the second bridge, the Vuoksi proper, a glimpse may be caught of the little river steamer, moored at the landing-stage just below, waiting to convey passengers to their summer cottages along the river banks. A few hundred yards further on is the station of Antrea.

Antrea takes its name from the village of St. Andrea, the spire of whose church may be seen peering over the trees on the river bank five miles further south. This is not, as might be supposed, called after St. Andrew. Andrea is the Finnish form of Henry, and the patron saint of the place is the crusading Bishop, an Englishman, who Christianised Finland. The district is becoming a favourite one for summer residence, and many families from Viborg and Helsingfors return year after year to their quaint wooden cottages which are dotted for many miles along the river-side. There, from June to August, they live a delightfully simple and primitive life. Visitors with plenty of time to spare might well spend a day here and enjoy an excursion on the river steamers. There is a good and comfortable hotel not far from the station. Some travellers proceed down the river to Kexholm, at one of its mouths, on Lake Ladoga.

A stay of ten minutes is made at Antrea, and sometimes carriages have to be changed. Children

through the station selling wild strawberries in little birch bark trays. They have picked up a few words of Russian from the visitors, and generally name their price in copecks. There is an excellent buffet. From Antrea the train proceeds up the left bank of the Vuoksi, of which occasional glimpses are caught, until it arrives at Imatra.

At Imatra station a large number of carriages await the arrival of the trains, but the rapids are only ten minutes' walk distant. A fine avenue leads from the station, to the left, direct to the bridge across the Vuoksi. The roar of waters grows louder, but not till the bridge itself is reached is the amazing cause revealed. Above and below the bridge for half a mile, shut in by high, black cliffs, pours a flood of milk-white water, almost blinding white in the sunlight, hissing, roaring, tormented, and leaping in the air.

High on the other bank rise the fantastic towers of the Cascade Hotel, a castellated building in an archaic style of architecture. It was built by the State and leased on suitable conditions. The State has also acquired the river banks on both sides as a national reserve, and visitors are able to examine the rapids from every possible point of view. The right bank is the more interesting, inasmuch as it is possible to descend

to the very edge of the water with perfect security, to feel the spray in one's face, and to watch thundering past, within touching distance, the unchained energy that could drive all the looms of Europe.

The actual fall of the river is not great compared with that of many other waterfalls. The Imatra rapids extend over half a mile, in the course of which the fall is about 61 feet. It is the volume of the water, the narrowness of the gorge, and the ruggedness of the channel which give the scene its grandeur. This flood is the overflow of a thousand lakes, the tribute of the North. The noise is like a storm among trees, with a deep bass undertone as if thousands of great boulders were rolling down the gorge, beating the rocks to fragments. These are the mills of God, but they do not grind slowly. Or one might describe the race of the waters as like a troop of wild white horses galloping madly down the pass, rearing and leaping on each other's backs. So twisted and tortured is the water that every moment great columns of it rise from mid-stream 20 feet into the air, and a cloud of spray in which the sun makes rainbows hangs over it.

On the right bank there are signs that the channel was once much wider than it is to-day. A path leads under the veranda of the hotel

amid pines and birches and bright flowers, right down into what must formerly have been part of the river bed. A balcony has been built, overhanging the cliff, from which the visitor, half-stunned by the noise, may look down into the boiling white chaos. Further down is a pavilion, almost level with the water. It is not wise to approach too near the edge, for the flood has a trick of sending out sudden waves or gusts of spray drenching the unwary. One must stand at the foot of the rapids in order to realise their full grandeur. The whole gorge is visible in perspective, and the spouting columns of foam often rise so high as to hide the distant horizon of trees at the top. The Vuoksi here widens out into a small lake. In an elbow of the bank may often be seen, swept together by an eddy, masses of splintered wood torn to fibre, as if it had been chewed and gnawed. Great tree trunks may sometimes be seen with their ends burst and flattened out like the head of a chisel sprung under the hammer. The Vuoksi has used them as its battering-rams.

High up on the bank are to be seen a number of curious pot-holes. It is disputed whether they are due to glacial or aqueous action. The common supposition is that the current caused boulders to gyrate in clefts in the rocks, and that gradually, in the course of ages, spinning like a marble in

a pot, they carved out these holes. The peasants sell little round stones which they have picked from the bed of the stream marked almost as if they had been turned on a lathe. They too may be the remains of spinning boulders.

The light ironwork bridge which has been thrown across the top of the gorge does not add to its beauty, but it is not unnecessarily unsightly. Formerly a rope was stretched from bank to bank, and passengers were swung across in a basket. Owing to some defect in the mechanism, an unfortunate Englishman was once suspended more than an hour over the rapids. Just above the bridge, on the right bank, is an inconspicuous little power-station for the generation of electricity. In the late autumn and winter nights the banks are occasionally illuminated by powerful electric lamps. These modern touches strike a somewhat discordant note.

Many pleasant excursions may be made from Imatra both up and down the river. Even those who only spend a single day at Imatra usually find time to visit the smaller rapids of Vallinkoski, four miles further down the river. The fall is only about one-third that of Imatra, but the surroundings are even more picturesque. If one drives (fare 4m.), two hours should afford ample time to view the fall and return. Another five miles' drive through the pine forest brings one

to Rauha, "Home of Peace," on the shores of Lake Saima, where there is a comfortable hotel. Vuoksenniska, the head of the river Vuoksi, is also five miles distant. The road up the right bank is very picturesque, and many minor rapids are passed on the way. A small lake steamer leaves Vuoksenniska daily during the summer at 6.45 P.M. for Nyslott and at 10.45 A.M. for Villmanstrand.

The Vuoksi is a glorious fishing river, absolutely teeming with giant trout, grayling, and, below the Imatra fall, salmon. Some of the best stretches are owned by private persons, among whom are the members of the "English Club" of St. Petersburg who have a charming fishing-box near the top of the river. But there are still plenty of opportunities for casual visitors. A boat with a man can be hired for four or five marks a day. The English Club formerly leased the fishing in the great pool in Lake Saima; at Harakka, just where it empties itself into the Vuoksi, a happy hunting-ground that made the angler rich beyond the dreams of avarice. The lease, however, has passed into other hands, and the club has now acquired the island of Vapra Saari, a short distance down the river. The best trout are to be found above Imatra. The fall, however, presents an impassable barrier to the migrations of the salmon, and he must be sought below. On the way to



IMATRA : In Winter

Vallinkoski numbers of wooden piers will be noticed built out into the water for the purpose of netting salmon. The posting station at Jääski, half-way between Antrea and Imatra, is a favourite headquarters for salmon-fishers.

IX

THE LAKE OF A THOUSAND ISLES

The Last-Born Daughter of the Sea—The Waterways—Rail or Steamer—The Saima Steamers—The Islands—Thread-
ing the Labyrinth—The Ridges—Sunset—The Northern
Night—Passengers—The Steerage—Landing Places—
Timber Floats—Roads across the Lake—Puumala and
Sulkava—Arrival at Nyslott.

THE surpassing charm of Finland lies in her lakeland scenery. It is unique and incomparable. Nowhere else in Europe have woodlands and water been so inextricably interwoven with one another. Nowhere else do we find such endless variety in the combinations and contrasts of land and water, trees, rocks, and skies. The ramifications of the lakes, the indentations of the land, the multiplicity of the islands are almost inconceivable. They are the despair of the geographer, as the stars in the Milky Way must be the despair of the astronomer. There is no poetic license about the title, "The Land of a Thousand Lakes," unless an underestimate can be said to be a license. A better title, and a much more poetic one, because it

leaves scope for the imagination, is "The Last-Born Daughter of the Sea." The sea still holds Finland in its embraces, and her people are but half landsmen. The water, too, is their element, and nature has made them sailors from their birth.

In the ice age the glaciers ploughed Finland from north-west to south-east, and the furrows now form the various lake systems. The largest of these systems is the eastern one, the great Saima Lake with its connections, whose overflow passes into Lake Ladoga through the Vuoksi River, forming the Imatra rapids on the way, and finally reaches the Gulf of Finland through the stately Neva. More than one-tenth of the whole surface of Finland consists of water; but in the three eastern Governments in which the Saima is located, namely, Viborg, St. Michael, and Kuopio, one-third of the whole consists of water. The Saima lakes reach right up into the very heart of Finland, forming a magnificent waterway which has been directly connected with the Gulf of Finland by the Saima Canal. A regular service of steamers plies between St. Petersburg and Kuopio, and on the lake itself vessels can travel a distance of 250 miles.

Now that the railway system has been developed there are many facilities for travelling into the interior of Finland. Those who are

pressed for time can reach St. Michael, Kuopio, Nyslott, or Joensuu by rail, or even penetrate as far north as Kajana within the limits of twenty-four hours. Those whose only object is "to get there" will take the train; but those to whom travel is an end in itself, who would make the journey part of their holiday—restful, beautiful, and entertaining—will certainly travel by steamer. To them, as to no others, will the beauties of Finland be revealed.

Viborg is the point of departure for exploring the Finland lakes. Five times a week, on Sundays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, steamers set out from Viborg to Kuopio, passing through the Saima Canal, and calling at Villmanstrand and Nyslott on the way. Besides these Viborg steamers, vessels ply daily on the lake itself, and it is possible to catch them up by taking train to either Villmanstrand or Vuoksenniska, which are only a few hours distant from Viborg. Visitors to the Falls of Imatra can catch the little steamer to Nyslott at Vuoksenniska. The lake steamers are marvels of comfort and cheapness. The captains invariably speak excellent English, having served a long apprenticeship on British vessels. The catering is in the hands of stewardesses, whose brightness, cleanliness, and cheerfulness is one of the most important factors in the enjoyment

of the voyage. They seldom, however, speak any other foreign language than German. The food is excellent, even on the smallest steamers, and its cheapness is astonishing. Supper, consisting of an ample variety of *smörgåsbord*, Frankfort sausages and potatoes, veal cutlets, and a savoury stew of onions, with an unlimited supply of rich milk, cost only two marks. The berths are small, but comfortable and clean. The fares, too, are surprisingly cheap. One may travel all the way from Viborg to Kuopio, a two days' journey, for fifteen Finnish marks, less than thirteen shillings. From Villmanstrand the journey only costs thirteen marks to Kuopio, or seven marks to Nyslott.

The voyager on the Saima Lake is in the position of one who cannot see the wood for the trees. He cannot see the lake for the islands. It seems as if one were sailing up a broad river with numerous creeks and tributaries. The banks on either side are so close that the pebbles on the shore and the flowers and ferns among the trees can be distinguished. The tinkle of cow-bells and the voices of haymakers float sweetly over the water. Mile after mile the vessel proceeds, threading its way through the winding channels, and never an open lake-view is to be seen. One must examine a large scale map in order to realise that this is indeed the great

Saima, and that what seem to be the river banks are but innumerable small islands.

The further north we go the more numerous the islands become, the more fantastic their shapes, their winding bays, their straggling capes, promontories, and peninsulas. It is not sufficient to say they are scattered over the lake; they are splashed. They seem to have been burst open and spread out in shreds and tatters. They close in upon the vessel on every side, but ever as it steams ahead a way seems to open up. It would be impossible to find the fairway through this labyrinth were it not carefully marked out by beacons. Always there is in sight some white-washed cairn of stones or mark upon the cliff by which the helmsman steers. At times the channel is so narrow that it has to be completely staked off by long white poles. Steam is shut off, and the ship glides gently and delicately through the winding avenue like a dainty lady lifting her skirts on crossing the street. Looking over the edge of the boat one can discern through the limpid water the sharp ledges of rock and the huge boulders almost touching her on either side.

A peculiar feature of the Finnish lakes is the number of long narrow ridges of land which stretch out into the water. They consist not of rock but of rubble. Sometimes they stretch for



THE LAKE OF KUOLAJÄRVI

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miles, undulating, now a hundred feet in height, and now almost level with the surface of the water. Often they have the appearance of an artificial embankment, so narrow, and regular, and steep are they. As the vessel is skirting some long stretch of shore one can tell that it is no more than a ridge, because at its highest point one can see the bare sky shining through the tree trunks close to the ground, while at its lower points the gleaming waters of the lake are visible on the other side. Punkaharju, near Nyslott, one of the most beautiful spots in Finland, is just such a ridge. Sometimes a long, low tongue of land, a few feet wide and almost level with the water, shoots out from an island across the channel till it almost meets a similar tongue jutting out from the opposite side. They are continued under water, and a couple of poles indicate where they dip sufficiently to allow the steamer to pass. About two hours' sail from the southern shore a canal (the Kytoele Kanal) has been cut through the narrow neck of a great ridge, saving a *détour* of nearly twenty miles. These ridges are supposed to have been constituted by the *débris* deposited by the great glaciers when they reached their melting points.

Islands and mainland alike are wooded to the water's edge with fir and pine, and with a thick undergrowth of berry-bearing bushes. Even on

the face of the cliffs the pine, reckless climber that it is, seems to find a footing. Rocks, trees, and sky are reflected with faultless precision in the still lake. The steamers from Villmanstrand and Vuoksenniska do not set out till 6.30 P.M., and the evening cruise to Nyslott is one of ravishing beauty. As the vessel turns northward it steers right into the eye of the setting sun up a broad river of molten gold. As the sun dips towards the horizon, it sinks behind the belt of forest, peering through the lattice of the pines' dark trunks, and darting long spears and swords of light upon the water.

Behind, the woods are all aglow with rich colour. Wherever the lake opens out for a brief glimpse the long perspective of capes and promontories can be seen stretching into the distance, one above another, in various shades of green. As the sun sinks still lower a tender radiance invests the scene. The sky flushes a delicate rose-leaf pink, with faint wisps of opal cloud floating in it. The forest has not lost its colours, but the tones have been softened, the greens have become olive, the shadows have become fainter. Everything is clear and distinct, but the whole landscape seems to have become as impalpable as a dream. It is as if at any moment a ripple might pass through the scene, and it would suddenly crumple up and vanish away. The waters lie spread like a sheet

of opalescent glass. So still are they that one can see the ripple caused by an insect's wings. The tranquil calm of the Northern summer night settles down upon the earth. The only sounds that break the silence are the rattle of the screw and the wash from the steamer rushing along the island shores. One must be dull, indeed, not to feel the fascination of such a scene, not to be moved by its sweet melancholy.

One of the advantages of travelling by steamer is that it affords invaluable opportunities to the traveller of coming into close contact with the life of the people. The manifold life on board, on shore, and on the lake itself, is full of interest and entertainment. The passengers make a large family, of which all the members are on friendly and familiar terms, each taking a keen interest in every other person's business, and as freely discussing his own. There are wealthy merchants visiting their mills and factories, engineers, prospectors, promoters, pioneers, emigrants, successful and the reverse, returning to visit again the dear land of their birth, commercial travellers, farmers returning from market, pedlars visiting the scattered homesteads, workmen, and particularly lumbermen, following the movements of their trade—all the national types assembled together. There is also a fair sprinkling of tourists, both native and foreign. The educated Finn usually speaks

four or five languages, and is a charming travelling companion. Many of the travellers, even in the first class, have a somewhat wild appearance. Their huge frames, their swarthy sun-tanned skins, their rough attire, and their somewhat Mongolian type of physiognomy, give one pause at first. But as one mingles with them at table and on deck, one realises that their courtesy and politeness is genuine and instinctive.

The steerage passengers are no less interesting than those of the saloon. Here in a corner may be seen a man sleeping off the effects of a debauch. By law it is forbidden to sell spirits in the country districts, and it is only by visiting the towns that the peasant can gratify his passion for *brännvin*. Once he has obtained a supply, he has no other thought than to drink steadily till he has finished it. Every Finnish peasant wears, hanging from his belt in a sheath, one of those native knives called "pukko," and in the early stages of intoxication tempers are fiery and knives are apt to fly out of the sheaths. The captain is in the habit of carefully watching his steerage passengers as they come on board, and if they have any spirits with them he ruthlessly takes it from them, and keeps it under lock and key till they arrive at their journey's end. I once saw a party of lumbermen, brawny giants, who had succeeded in evading the captain's vigilance and concealed a



LAKE VIEW FROM PYYNIKI : Near Tammerfors

number of bottles. Before long they began to be troublesome. The captain called the telephone to his aid. He had a message sent on to a station in advance, and when we arrived there was a posse of police, equally strong and muscular, waiting to take the disturbers of the peace into custody.

The larger steamers go direct from Villmanstrand to Nyslott in about ten hours, only calling at the half-way station of Puumala. The smaller steamers take a few hours longer, and they make frequent calls, conducting a large amount of local traffic. Both islands and mainland in the southern division of the lake system are well settled. Many saw-mills, farm-steadings, and cultivated fields are to be seen. A loud blast from the whistle warns the neighbourhood of the approach of the steamer. Usually it is a flaxen-haired girl who is pier-master, and very sweet and charming she looks with her bright complexion and her gay-coloured shawl thrown over her head. It is amusing to see a sailor jump ashore with a rope in his hand, and, without the aid of capstan, himself warp the light vessel alongside the landing-stage, exchange a few words of gossip with the fair pier-master, and then push the vessel off again, jumping on ere it gets too far away. Numbers of white-haired children come down to watch, with big round eyes, the arrival and de-

parture of the steamer. Often they bring little birch baskets of berries, which passengers purchase for a few pence. At some stations fuel is loaded in the shape of birch logs, of which great stacks are to be seen along the shores. This is a slow process, for wood is a bulky fuel, and often one or two steerage passengers are given a free passage on condition that they help with the loading.

The lake is abundantly stocked with fish. Fishing-boats are frequently passed, and at intervals along the shore nets may be seen hanging up to dry. Fish forms a staple article of food in Finland, and great quantities are salted for winter use, besides that which is exported to Russia. The small canoe-like boats, high pointed fore and aft, which the peasants use in plying between the islands and in navigating the rivers, are frequently passed. The occupants rest upon their oars and steady themselves to meet the swell of the steamer. But the most striking sight of all upon the lake is the great rafts of timber floating down from the far interior to the saw-mills and shipping ports. There are thousands of logs in each float. Tugs are now used to convey them down the Saima Lake, but in the old days the lumbermen used to float them down themselves, living for weeks upon their surface. The latter method is still adopted where the current affords sufficient propelling power. On

the lake tugs may often be seen dragging six or more of these floats behind them, looking from a distance like a great serpent undulating over the surface of the water.

An amazing fact is that this vast lake system is intersected at a number of points by the ordinary post-roads of the country. On a large-scale map it seems as if the roads run right across the surface of the lake. This phenomenon is explained by the extraordinary geographical conformation of the country. The innumerable islands, peninsulas, and ridges supply a series of almost perfect natural bridges. With very slight additions from the hand of man, by the formation of embankments across a few shallow straits, it has been possible to continue the road almost the whole way across the lake. A gap of a few hundred yards at most remains, affording a passage for the steamers, and across this the wheeled traffic of the road is conveyed by means of a horse-ferry. At Punkaharju the road runs for five miles across the lake upon a single narrow ridge. The new railway is also carried across here. Between Villmanstrand and Nyslott two roads cross the lake in such manner near the picturesque villages of Puumala and Sulkava.

Puumala, which lies half-way between Villmanstrand and Nyslott, was formerly of considerable strategical importance in the days when

Russia fought with Sweden for the possession of Finland. It is now coming into prominence again as a favourite summer residential district. Though only a small village it is extremely busy in summer, owing to the daily calling of the steamers and to the number of lumbermen who are brought there by the wood industry. It stands well upon a bold height, and its church and fire-tower are visible a long way off. Only the smaller steamers call at Sulkava, where a quaint wooden bridge, reminiscent of Japan, spans a creek, and where the tall steeple of a wooden church serves as a landmark from afar.

About five or six o'clock in the morning the battlements and towers of the ruined Castle of Olafsborg are discerned, and the steamer enters the harbour of Nyslott, a northern Venice, built upon a multitude of islands and peninsulas connected by many bridges. Here are concentrated all the beauties of the lake, so that the visitor can enjoy them at leisure and in detail.

X

NYSLOTT AND PUNKAHARJU

NYSLOTT: A Northern Venice—Olafsborg—A Visit to the Castle—St. Olafsbad and Casino—Villas for Visitors—Mr. Campbell—The Brunnspark—View Tower—Environs.

PUNKAHARJU: Nyslott to Punkaharju—The Railway—The Hotel—The Ridge—A Natural Freak—Lakeland and Woodland—Japanese Effects—Nature the Artist—A Walk along the Ridge—The Delights of Summer.

NYSLOTT

NYSLOTT, or Savonlina, as the Finns call it, is built upon the lake. Between the northern and central basins of the Saima system, Haukivesi and Pihlajavesi, a chain of islands, ridges, and straggling peninsulas runs right across the lake from east to west. The high-road crosses here, with the help of a horse-ferry, and here also the railway which has already crossed the eastern branch of the lake at Punkaharju, will be continued across to St. Michel. On a number of these fantastically-shaped islands the town of Nyslott is built, several light wooden bridges connecting its various parts with one another. So omnipresent is the water that one is almost

tempted to call for a gondola instead of a cab. Nyslott lays itself out to attract visitors. In addition to its historical associations and the natural beauty of its surroundings, it has an excellent hotel, a modern bathing establishment, and a casino. From a mere village it is growing rapidly into a town. But it has lost none of its charm in the process. The houses are embowered in trees. The quaint northern architecture of the wooden houses, the bright colours, the high-peaked, red roofs, the romantic battlements of the ruined castle, all in a setting of silver lake, give to the traveller the impression that he has sailed into Fairyland.

Nyslott (literally "New Castle") derives its name from the ancient castle of Olafsborg which covers the whole of a small island right in the middle of the narrow strait which connects the north and south lake basins, and through which flows a rapid current. It was built by the Swedish knight, Eric Tott, in 1475, with the double object of overawing the native Finns and of guarding against the invasions of the Russians. The original building was of wood, but, after two years, he had it rebuilt in stone. And] the building was like the building of the walls of Jerusalem. Every man wrought with one hand and held his weapon with the other. Every stone was brought under convoy. The natives



OLAFSBORG : At Nyslott

resisted with grim tenacity this attempt to rivet the chains of foreign domination upon them, and it was only owing to the superior arms of the Swedes, and the inaccessability of the site, that the fortress was at last completed. The shot marks, still visible on its walls, tell of the important part it played in the wars between Russia and Sweden. For several centuries it proved an impassable barrier to the Russian advance. In the course of the long and disastrous war which lasted from 1609 to 1721 it was surrendered to the Russians, being restored again to the Swedes at the end of the war by the Peace of Nystad. Twenty-two years later it again passed into Russian hands with the large eastern provinces. Some of the towers which showed signs of decay were destroyed, leaving only three, as at present, and a new bastion was added. In 1788 it was again invested by the Swedes, but they failed to recapture it. Up to the middle of last century the Russians maintained a garrison in Olafsborg, but in 1859 it was abandoned as being obsolete. In 1870 it was restored by the town, and is now preserved as one of the most interesting historical buildings in Finland.

To reach the castle one must walk along the lake side from the quay to the eastern extremity of the town. Opposite the castle a bell has been fixed, and, on a summons by it, the keeper

rows across in a small boat to fetch the visitors and show them over the building. He receives a small tip. The three towers along the western wall are the most interesting feature. The Bell Tower and the Church Tower belong to the original structure, but the Kiel Tower, taking its name from a former Governor, is of later date. The church bells were formerly placed on the top of the Bell Tower. The men-at-arms had their living apartment here, and on the second storey is a bomb-proof chamber, or casemate, round which runs a gallery with embrasures for the guns. At the base of the Church Tower may still be seen the coat-of-arms of the founder. The only means of ascent is a very narrow dark staircase, but the toil is amply repaid by the glorious view from the top over the scattered town and islands. The women's apartment was on the fifth storey, and on the third storey is pointed out the ancient oratory. The massive walls between the two towers enclose a small court, and here the chapel used to be. Many coats-of-arms of old governors are to be seen on the walls. The entrance to the underground dungeons, a little door deep-set in the masonry, well deserves its name, "The Devil's Hole." Tradition says that a subterranean passage connects the castle with the town.

A long wooden bridge leads from the market-

place to the peninsula Väräsaari, which extends right along the north side of the town, and which has been laid out as a public park (*Brunnspark*). At the north end of the bridge is situated, on the left hand, St. Olafsbad, and on the right hand the Casino, which is run in connection with it. St. Olafsbad is a thoroughly up-to-date modern bathing establishment. Every kind of bath known to the best German Bads may be enjoyed here—hot air, steam, douche, swimming, pine, mud, electric, and other baths of various medicinal virtues. According to the Finnish custom, all the bath attendants are women. The Finns are famous for their massage treatment, and the *Masseuse* is a thoroughly national type. In every village there is usually an old woman who practises massage as a profession, and has her regular rounds. Along the front of the establishment runs a spacious veranda, where visitors may promenade or enjoy a siesta. The “season” lasts from June 5 to September 1.

At the Casino there is a good band and frequent concerts. There are also a reading and writing-room, and an excellent restaurant with a veranda along the lake side.

From the back of the Bathing House another small footbridge leads to the small pine-clad island of Sulosaari, which lies still further north. Here a number of wooden villas have been erected by

the Baths Company in which visitors who intend to make some stay at Nyslott may take rooms by the week. The charges are very moderate, ranging from 10m. 50p. to 21m. per room per week. Such "bath guests" can have their meals at the Casino at an inclusive charge.

English visitors are generally surprised to be addressed by the managing director of the establishment in fluent English, but the surprise vanishes when they learn that his name is Campbell, and that he is a Scotsman. His father was formerly British Consul, and the family is well known in Finland. Visitors may find it very useful to apply to Mr. Campbell for advice or information.

The Brunnsark is maintained by the Baths Company, for which purpose it receives a grant from the town. The little peninsula has a very uneven surface, and it is beautifully wooded. The ground is covered with a luxuriant growth of flowers, grasses, ferns, and berries. In the heat of summer the cool shady walks are very refreshing. Close to the Bad is a tennis and croquet-ground. On the north side of the peninsula a bathing-shed (*Uimabuone*), with a diving platform, has been erected, and swimmers can enjoy a plunge in the lake. None but swimmers, however, should venture here, as the rocks run sheer down into the water to a depth of seven

feet. The key to the bathing-shed and a sheet (40p.) may be obtained at the refreshment kiosk, near the tennis-ground. A southern slope has been fenced in, and here one may enjoy a sun-bath if one is tempted by such a luxury.

On the highest point of the peninsula a view-tower has been erected. The panorama is a magnificent one. On every side the lake is visible, embracing the land in intricate convolutions like the meshes of a silver net. Promontory after promontory, and island after island stretch away into the distance, and the circling horizon is a jagged line of fir and pine-trees. The town lies spread out towards the south. On a bold western height, near where the railway leaves the town, is the Bishop's Palace, a very picturesque wooden building. Not far from it is the fine Lutheran Church, built in brick, with a red roof and a graceful spire. A stone bridge leads across to the central island, on the highest point of which stands a fire-tower. Close beside it is the Russian Church, and a little further east rises the square tower of the Hungerborg or summer restaurant. From the extreme east the towers and battlements of the fine old Scandinavian Castle of Olaf frown over the town; and, encircling all, is the broad expanse of the island-strewn lake.

Nyslott lies at the very heart of the Saima Lake system, and the traveller may continue his

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journey in almost any direction. There is regular steamer communication with Villmanstrand in the south, St. Michel in the west, Kuopio in the north, and Joensuu in the east. The Ridge of Punkaharju, the most beautiful spot in Finland, is two hours distant by steamer, and railway communication has now been opened. The old-fashioned parish church of Sääminki, built of wood, with the belfry detached, is situated about five kilometres west of Nyslott. The road is very pretty, and makes an interesting drive or walk. A new stone church was built in 1879; the wooden one was built in 1785, and is no longer used. Many pleasant days may be spent boating among the innumerable islands, fishing, bathing, and picnicking under the pines.

PUNKAHARJU

A steamer leaves Nyslott three times a day for Punkaharju. It is only two hours' sail, and the fare is 1.50m. The steamer skirts the northern shore of the lake, passing many large farms and well-cultivated fields. Near the landing-stage at Noisand a particularly large steading may be seen. Shortly after the steamer passes through an extremely narrow channel, the fairway being staked off by an avenue of poles winding in and out. There is just room for the vessel to pass slowly



LAKE VIEW FROM PUNKAHARJU

and carefully with steam shut off. So close are the poles that passengers could lean over and touch them from the deck, and the great boulders at the bottom are visible on either side. In about quarter of an hour Punkaharju is reached. The hotel is only five minutes' walk from the landing-stage, and a light cart is usually in waiting to carry visitors' luggage.

It is also possible to reach Punkaharju by rail from Viborg, and afterwards to continue the journey to Nyslott. Advantage has been taken of the ridge to carry the railway right across the lake as on an embankment. Seen from a distance, from on board the steamer, it seems as if the train were running along the surface of the water. The railway, fortunately, has interfered little with the natural beauty of the spot. All the land around belongs to the Government, and the forest has been carefully preserved from spoliation.

There is but one hotel, a fine building of wood, very neat, clean, and comfortable, and with an excellent restaurant. It is built among the trees, which grow close up to the windows—a real house in the woods. There is a tennis-court and a bathing-hut, and small boats may be hired to explore the islands. The charge for a room runs from 1.50m. a day, and the living is proportionately cheap. There is a villa close by at which visitors intending to make a stop of some

duration may hire furnished rooms, having their meals at the hotel. Apartments may also occasionally be had at the posting-station not far off, and at some of the neighbouring farm-houses. The advent of the railway will probably create a housing problem at Punkaharju before long.

Punkaharju (literally "hog's-back") is the name given to a narrow ridge of land which stretches north and south, nearly four miles right across the eastern arm of the Saima Lake. It is broken in three places. Two of the gaps have been bridged over, and an excellent post road runs along the top of the ridge. The road is continued across the gap at the northern extremity by means of a horse-ferry. In itself this ridge is a most curious and extraordinary geological formation. For the greater part of its length it is as regular, as narrow, and as straight as a railway embankment. There is no equivocation about it; its edges rise sheer from the lake at the sharpest natural angle, and drop as sheer into the water on the other side. It undulates slightly, in some places attaining a height of nearly 100 feet, and at the gaps falling down to the water's edge; but for a great part of its course the summit might have been laid with a spirit-level.

It is difficult to explain the origin of this natural freak. It is obviously alluvial. The

new railway to Nyslott cuts across its northern extremity at one of its highest points, and, at the cutting, the structure may be examined closely. There is no dorsal ridge of rock whatever. The greater part of its bulk consists of coarse sand and small, water-worn boulders. In the centre is a firmly packed reef of fine soft sand of a different colour. Glacial action alone seems an impossible explanation, for this sand is evidently sedimentary. Perhaps some mammoth glacier of the Ice Age, ploughing its way down the valley of the lake, pushed before it the alluvial deposit at the bottom till it reached its melting-point at Punkaharju, and then dropped upon the sand, as an outer shell, the boulders and coarse grit which it had gathered upon its way. Punkaharju, then, would be a gigantic moraine. Possibly a scientist may find this hypothesis absurd, but it is not easy to conceive any other convulsion of nature which could give rise to such a formation.

From end to end the whole ridge is thickly clad with tall pine and birch-trees. On either side the lake is studded with small wooded islands. Sometimes the ridge throws out arms enclosing a number of small, calm lagoons, which have been connected with the lake by canals, so that one may row a boat into them.

It is almost impossible to give an adequate

idea of the strange fascination of the place. The hand of man has assisted nature judiciously by cutting down avenues through the pines from certain vantage points, exposing views which would otherwise be unknown. As one walks along the ridge one prospect after another, each of surpassing beauty, opens itself out. At one point, called "Runeberg's Hill," after the national poet, six avenues converge. Far into the distance the capes and islands, each with its fringe of pine, alternate with zones of silver lake in wonderful zig-zag. Between the earth at one's feet and the sky there may be as many as six, eight, or ten alternate belts of lake and pine. In one magnificent view there are as many as twelve alternations of land and water, and the belt of trees which forms the horizon is shaded as if it were composed of at least three zones. On either side of the clearing, like a frame enclosing the whole view, rise great red-boled pines, or tall, graceful birches, like fountain jets falling in green spray.

Looking along the ridge, one sees on either side through the pine-trunks the clear lake water far below. Higher up the branches thicken into a darker belt, completely obscuring the sky save at the very zenith, above the track. The view of the lake, with its islands seen through the long, naked pine-trunks, is as delicately fanciful as



PUNKAHARJU : The Highway across the Lake

some exquisite Japanese screen. Indeed, the whole landscape is Japanese rather than European in its aspect.

Punkaharju is the last word of lakeland and woodland beauty. Nature has here become a conscious artist, using her material with deliberation and restraint, combining the simple elements of land, water, sky, and trees into the most exquisite decorative patterns.

The four miles' walk from end to end of the ridge affords a pleasing panorama of woodland and lakeland scenery, and, if the walk be taken in the evening, the brilliant colours of the sunset sky form a glorious background. Where the ridge dips down close to the water's edge the air is full of the noise of the lapping of the waters driven by the slight breeze against the embankment. Again the ridge broadens out, and, as one passes into the forest, a sudden hush seems to fall upon everything, so sudden as almost to be palpable. Formerly the lapping of the waves made a monotonous undercurrent into which all other sounds were absorbed ; but now, in this breathless stillness, the faintest stirring among the pine-tops is distinctly heard. It seems as if some one were listening, and one looks round half expecting to see some northern wood-nymph peering from among the pine-trees.

In summer the weather is so delightful that it

is difficult to believe that one is so far north. The shade of the forest is a welcome protection from the scorching heat of the midday sun. The warm breeze brings great wafts of the rich balsamic odours of the pines and of innumerable sweet-smelling herbs, and the woods are full of bilberries and wild strawberries, so that even the sense of taste is appealed to. Grasshoppers chirp in the grass, and the air is alive with the metallic rustle of the rainbow-hued wings of innumerable dragon-flies. It would require a naturalist to name the many beautiful flowers and the weird mail-clad insects which hop and flutter around. Out on the lake tall reeds sway and wave their pennants, and broad water-lilies float serenely at anchor. And this is Finland — north of John o' Groat's House. It is incredible, and yet no dream.

XI

INTO THE WILD

KUOPIO AND KAJANA

The Journey Northwards—Rail or Steamer—Nyslott to Kuopio—Kuopio—The Islands—The View from Puijo Hill—Minna Canthe, Play-wright—Ilisalmi—Kajana in the Wild—The Town of Kajana—The Manufacture of Tar—The Tar-Boats—Kajana to Uleåborg—Shooting the Rapids—Routes from Uleåborg.

AFTER calling at Nyslott the steamers proceed north through lakes Haukivesi and Kalavesi to Kuopio. Thence one may continue the journey still further north by rail to Kajana, the northern terminus of the Savolax Railway. Kajana is a great centre of the tar and pitch industry. Beyond it lie wild and desert tracts of forest visited only by the hunter, the lumberman, and the tar collector. The river Kajana rises near the Russian frontier, and after a course of 100 miles flows through the town into Lake Uleå, bearing with it the timber and tar which are the chief product of that wild region. The river Uleå carries the overflow of the lake into the Gulf of Bothnia, and at its mouth stands the town of Uleåborg, through

which passes most of the trade of Northern Finland. As the railway goes no farther than Kajana, it is only possible to proceed to Uleåborg by driving along the post road or by making the exciting passage of the Uleå rapids on a "tar-boat."

The Savolax Railway runs due north from Kotka, on the Gulf of Finland, crossing the Helsingfors-Petersburg Railway at Kouvola, and passing through the towns of St. Michel, Kuopio, and Iisalmi before it reaches Kajana. The line passes through a richly wooded country broken up by innumerable lakes, and the route is most picturesque; but, as the unbroken journey by rail occupies eighteen hours from Viborg, those who prefer to travel in comfort will choose the lake route as far as Kuopio, stopping at Nyslott *en route* to visit the famous ridge of Punkaharju.

From Nyslott the steamer reaches Kuopio in about eleven hours, following a carefully beaconsed way through the labyrinth of islands. About half-way the Taipale Canal, with two locks, connects lakes Haukivesi and Unnukavesi. Just before reaching the canal the busy industrial station of Varkaus, with its ironworks, its saw-mill, and its shipbuilding dock, is passed. The first steamer on the Saima Lake was built here. There is good trout fishing in the rapids in this neighbourhood. Two hours later the steamer

passes up a long narrow-winding channel, the banks of which are lined by the beautiful wooden châteaux of the large village of Leppävirta, which boasts a number of shops and a good posting inn. Five miles further on, at Konnus, is a second canal, with a lock, leading into Lake Koirusovesi, in a district famous for its salmon-fishing. Soon Kallavesi is reached, in which the islands are fewer so that long views of the lake may be obtained. Kuopio is situated on a long peninsula jutting northwards into the lake, almost cutting it in two.

A plan of Kuopio presents the appearance of a chess-board, so mathematical is it in its regularity. In itself it offers few features of interest, but it is situated in the midst of charming scenery, and from the hill Puijo, behind it, one may enjoy the most remarkable lake view in Finland. In 1651 Per Brahe had thought of founding a town in this neighbourhood, but the project had to wait till 1776 for fulfilment. The ancient province of Savolax, occupying the basin of the Saima Lake system, maintained a considerable population, but hitherto there had been no town in its northern part. Kuopio grew rapidly in importance. Viborg was already in the hands of the Russians, and Kuopio took its place as the commercial centre of Eastern Finland. After the reunion of Viborg to Finland it lost that pre-eminence, but already it had be-

come an important educational centre, and some of the best schools and gymnasia in the country are now to be found in it. Senator Snellman, the Finnish patriot and leader of the National movement, was for some years rector of the higher elementary school here, and, while in this position edited one of the first Finnish newspapers, *Maamiehen Ystävä*, "The Countryman's Friend." In the centre of the large square which bears his name, in front of the Cathedral, is a bronze bust of Snellman by the sculptor Takanen. The horse fair, held on the ice in the month of January, attracts merchants from St. Petersburg in search of the fast trotting ponies for which it is famous. The completion of the railway in 1888 gave a great impetus to the development of the town, which in 1907 numbered about 15,000 inhabitants.

The Vainölänniemi Park is a long, narrow ridge stretching out into the lake from the south-eastern corner of the town. It is thickly wooded and laid out in beautiful winding walks. There is a good restaurant, a concert hall, and a bathing establishment, and the place is much frequented by the townsfolk in summer. The surrounding islands may be explored by means of rowing or sailing-boats which can be hired at the quay. Small steamboats may also be hired by the hour or the day at Korhonen's office.

These mazy waters were, in 1808, the scene of a protracted struggle and of many romantic encounters between the Russians and the Swedes, with the few hardy hunters and woodmen whom they had mustered, long after the rest of Finland had surrendered.

From Uudenmankatu Street a road is continued northwards out of the town past the cemetery. It skirts the foot of the Puijo hill, less than three miles from the town, and a steep footpath leads to the summit, on which a view tower has been erected. This summit is only 754 feet above the level of the sea, but that is a mountain in Finland. The view on every side is magnificent—a panorama of silver lake dotted all over with innumerable green islands, one behind another, till they merge into the belt of pine woods that forms the horizon. Sunset, when the waters reflect the rosy flush of the sky, when the near woods are a deep olive and the distant ones a dim purple, affords the finest spectacle. In the early autumn nights, too, the moonlight gives wonderful effects. The custodian of the tower, who lives in a little cottage hard by, supplies refreshments.

Madame Minna Canthe, one of the most famous and popular dramatists in Finland, lives in Kuopio. She writes both in Finnish and in Swedish, but in that thinly-populated country

play-writing is hardly so remunerative a profession as it is in London. Her chief reward is the love and enthusiastic admiration of her countrymen and countrywomen, and the knowledge that she can, through her plays, exercise a powerful political and social influence. She is a Socialist, and to-day the Socialists are the most powerful political party in Finland. When her husband died Madame Canthe opened a drapery store in Kuopio to enable her to bring up her family. Shop-keeping is a profession held in high honour in Finland, and the woman who can stir the heart of her country with her genius is not ashamed to own that she earns her living by trade. This pride in honest labour is characteristic of the country.

From Kuopio to Kajana by rail is a journey of $5\frac{1}{2}$ hours, but many travellers prefer to proceed as far as Iisalmi by steamer, the journey occupying 10 hours. This part of the lake route is one of the most beautiful in Finland. The long, narrow chain of lakes is little more than a gigantic natural canal. Three short canals, with locks, link together the various lakes. On both sides the land is highly cultivated, and maintains a large population. Iisalmi has a capital posting inn, where lodgings and refreshments can be obtained, and the little town is in telephonic communication with the rest of Finland. Four

miles north of Iisalmi, at "Vitra" Bridge, on the shores of Iivesi, an iron obelisk marks the spot where Prince Dologorouki fell in a great battle between the Swedes and the Russians in 1808. Two miles away is another memorial to the Finnish soldiers who lost their lives at the same time. The story of this battle has been told by the national poet, Runeberg.

Kajana is a tiny town of some 2000 inhabitants which, since the railway connected it with the Saima Lake system, has sprung into sudden favour as a tourist and fishing resort. It lies on the northern verge of civilisation, almost, but not quite, beyond the limits of the forest zone. The trees which grow in these high latitudes are rich in resin, and the extraction of tar from them forms the chief industry. Northwards the forests dwindle to dwarf and stunted birch and pine until they disappear altogether in the desolate plains and hills of Lapland stretching away to the Polar Sea. At Kajana the tourist finds himself in the backwoods, in touch with nature in its wild and savage aspects, and with the hardy, adventurous pioneers who spend their lives in struggle with that nature. A visit to Kajana is like a visit to the backwoods of Canada; the country, the conditions, the life, the types are very much the same. A comfortable tourist hotel, with very moderate charges,

has recently been established ; and, for the convenience of visitors in search of sport, large fishing-grounds have been leased by the Finnish Steamship Company. The fishing-grounds are under the management of Mr. Herman Renfors, of Kajana, a sportsman whose reputation has reached far beyond Finland. The waters of the rivers and of the lake teem with trout, grayling, &c., to such an extent as to constitute a veritable paradise for the angler.

The town of Kajana lies on the left bank of the river of the same name, opposite two magnificent falls or rapids, Ämmä-koski and Koivukoski, which fill its streets with their thunder. Two great locks, with a fall of 20 feet each, enable the tar-boats from the far interior to descend in safety to the Uleå Lake. In the centre of the Ämmä fall is an island on which stand the ruins of the castle of Kajaneborg, founded in 1607. John Messenius, the historian, was immured here for twenty years, and, during his imprisonment, wrote the history of Finland. The castle passed into the hands of the Russians in 1716. The town was not founded till 1651, and it occupies little place in history. It was while he practised as a doctor here, early in the nineteenth century, that Elias Lönnrot, passing freely in and out of the homes of the people, committed to writing the wild

legends and folk-songs which, later, he wove together into the *Kalevala*, the national epic of Finland.

The ancient and primitive methods of extracting tar are still practised around Kajana. The best trees are selected and the bark peeled off, as high as a man can reach, save for a strip, some two inches wide, on the side of the trunk facing northwards. This narrow strip preserves the life of the tree which is now left to nature for a year. A thick resinous fluid oozes from the scarified trunk and congeals in a hoary crust. Next year the operation is repeated higher up, and so on for several years, as long as the tree will stand this vivisection without dying. Every year the crust of resin grows richer. Then the trees are felled at the beginning of winter and dragged over the snow to the tar-kilns. These old-fashioned kilns are huge saucer-shaped platforms with a hole in the centre through which the tar is drained into barrels. They are constructed of logs of wood bricked over and cemented. The resinous trunks are sawn into logs about a yard long, piled on these kilns, and carefully turfed over. The pile is then kindled at various points, and, under its thick cover of turf, smoulders away for nearly a fortnight. As the heat increases the resin melts and pours down the central funnel, one burning often yielding

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over 100 barrels of tar. Throughout all this northern forest zone, from the Gulf of Bothnia right up to the Russian frontier, the manufacture of tar by this process is conducted.

A barrel of tar weighs something like 400 lbs., and from the remoter districts these barrels must be transported 200 miles to the coast. The rivers Kajana and Uleå afford the means of transport, but like all other Finnish rivers, and in a superlative degree, these rivers abound in dangerous rapids. The tar-boats are built for this traffic long and narrow so that they may pass between the rocks and boulders, high-peaked like a gondola fore and aft so that the force of the current may not drive them below the water, and light and elastic so that they may yield to any chance shock. A corps of licensed pilots (*Laskumies*) take the boats over the more dangerous rapids. The daring, the coolness, and the skill of these men is extraordinary. They have been bred from childhood to the task; they know every eddy of the stream and every hidden boulder, and, with a steady nerve, steer within an inch of destruction. Each boat contains from 20 to 26 barrels, and the crew, in addition to the pilot, consists of two rowers, one of whom is sometimes a woman. Often a hundred of these boats will pass Kajana in one day during the season. On the lake, if the wind is favourable, a



RUSSIAN KARELIA : From the Oulanga River

large square sail is hoisted, if not, the rowers must set to work to pull the heavy load across to Vaala, whence the swift Uleå River carries them down in two days to Uleåborg. A few days suffices to take the tar-boats from their starting-point to the coast, but the return journey is a toilsome business, lasting sometimes three weeks. The empty boat has to be towed by hand up the rapids, and at the largest of the rapids it has to be hauled ashore and carried on a cart for several miles. Each boat is expected to make the voyage at least three times in a season.

Travellers wishing to proceed to Uleåborg must either hire horses and drive along the post road or make the journey down the Uleå River on one of the tar-boats. The magnificent rapids of this river are not navigable by any other means. Owing to the skill of the pilots shooting the rapids is not nearly so dangerous as it looks. Only a very small percentage of accidents happen, perhaps not more than in ordinary railway journeys; still, the tar-boat is not to be recommended to persons of weak nerves. At the very least the journey in the small open boat occupies fourteen hours, but these are hours full of excitement and exhilaration.

The journey from Kajana to Uleåborg occupies from twenty-six to thirty hours, according to the state of the weather, and it is essential that provi-

sions should be carried. Every morning a small steamer leaves Kajana for Vaala, on the other side of the lake, which it reaches in four or five hours. Here the tar-boats are assembled at the head of the river Ulea. The fare demanded for a passage in one of the boats is from Fm. 1.50 to Fm. 3.50. The boats of the Finnish Tourist Society leave Vaala every Monday and Thursday about 1 o'clock P.M. The Niskakoski rapids are reached after about two miles. The roaring of the water deadens every other sound, and the light boat dashes down the sloping, heaving waters like a cork in a whirlpool. The passenger holds his breath, dazed with the noise and the speed and the thought that only a supple three-quarters-of-an-inch board lies between him and this chaos of waters. But the pilot stands calm and immobile until the very moment when disaster seems imminent, when he throws his weight upon the long, heavy pole that serves as rudder, and the boat swiftly avoids the obstruction. Then comes a stretch of calm water on which the oars are used. The Ahmankoski rapids are similarly negotiated; and, upon the left bank, the parish church of Utajärvi and the village of Merilä are passed. Then the roar of the greatest and most dangerous rapids of all, Pyhäkoski, the Holy Rapids, is heard in the distance. These rapids extend, without a break, over twelve miles, the

river being hemmed in between high cliffs fringed with wood on either side. Before the end of them is reached the river takes a sudden turn south, and then doubles back again, north-west, at a sharp angle of 45 degrees. A large wall of rock rises up at the corner, the river dashing with all its force against it and forming a whirlpool at its base. It would almost seem as if the pilot meant to precipitate the boat upon this cliff. He holds it steadily to within a few feet of the rock, then, with a swift movement, he turns it aside and sends it shooting across the whirlpool with the full force of the current into safety. Just below Pyhäkoski, on the left bank, lies the village of Muhos, with a good inn, and here farewell may be said to the tar-boat. From this point the river is navigable, and a steamer leaves Muhos daily for Uleåborg. The comforts of a hotel are very welcome again after such a journey.

From Uleåborg a choice of routes presents itself. The railway runs south to Helsingfors *via* Tammerfors. Excellent coasting steamers run down the Gulf of Bothnia to Åbo or Stockholm. In June one may proceed north by rail to Torneå, at the head of the gulf, ascend the Torneå River, and behold the midnight sun from the top of Mount Avasaksa. This river forms the boundary between Sweden and Finland. Thence one may

proceed home by rail through Sweden, either *via* Stockholm or across Swedish Lapland, by the most northerly railway in the world, to the Norwegian port of Narvik, near the Lofoten Islands.

XII

LADOGA

THE INLAND SEA

Ladoga—Routes—Kexholm—Sordavala—Valamo Monastery
—The Churches—The Tomb of King Magnus—The
Monks.

LAKE LADOGA is the largest sheet of fresh water in Europe. It is 130 miles long and 80 miles broad. It receives, through the Vuoksi, the overflow of the largest system of lakes in Finland, and through the Svir, the overflow of Lake Onega, the second largest lake in Europe. It discharges its own waters into the Gulf of Finland through the Neva. Lake Ladoga lies, almost exactly, half in Finland and half in Russia. Its northern shore, the Finnish side, is very bold and rugged, and is indented with deep, narrow gulfs walled in by high granite cliffs. The two Finnish towns, Sordavala (population 2500) and Kexholm (population 1700), have little intrinsic importance, but they are frequently visited for the sake of the neighbouring scenery, or by those who wish to visit

the Russian monastery on the island of Valamo, 26 miles out in the lake.

Once a week steamers run from St. Petersburg up the Neva to Kexholm, Valamo, and Sordavala. The Karelian Railway connects Sordavala with Viborg and with Joensuu on the eastern branch of the Saima Lake system. A branch line from Elisenvaara Junction runs across the Punkaharju Ridge to Nyslott. The river Vuoksi affords a very picturesque and varied route from Antrea to Kexholm. A small steamer leaves the quay beneath the railway bridge at Antrea daily, and proceeds down the river as far as Kiviniemi, which is reached in five or six hours. At times the Vuoksi widens out into a chain of lakes like a small inland sea. On the left the old village of Antrea, or St. Andree, with its wooden church, is passed. Beautiful little summer villas are dotted along the banks. Further down the river narrows again and forms rapids. At Paakola and Pölläkhälä the steamer passes through locks. At Kiviniemi the Vuoksi splits into two branches, Kexholm lying at the mouth of the northern one. Unnunkoski, which is in regular steamer communication with Kexholm, lies thirty miles further down the northern branch, and may be reached either by boat or by driving along the excellent post road from Kiviniemi through the village of Räisälä. From

Unnunkoski to Kexholm the journey occupies three hours.

Kexholm lies on an island at the mouth of the Vuoksi, on the side away from the lake. The town is an old one, founded by the Swedes, and its population has practically remained stationary since the fifteenth century. It had many vicissitudes in the Russian-Swedish wars, and finally passed into the hands of Russia in 1710. The old castle, on an island reached by a bridge, served as a prison for political offenders up till 1850. The two daughters of Pugacheff, the Don Cossack who led an almost successful rebellion in the eighteenth century, were imprisoned here for life. On another well-wooded island, also connected by a bridge with the town, there is a hydropathic establishment and a good restaurant. Half the population are Russians, and most of the trade is in the hands of Russians. The town is famous for its salmon fisheries. Twenty-six miles north, by post road, or two hours' journey by steamer, is the village of Kronoborg, at the head of a deep fjord, in the midst of wild and grand scenery. From Kronoborg one may drive to Elisenvaara Junction, only 10 miles distant, and catch the train to Sordavala.

Sordavala, on the northern extremity of the lake, is situated in very picturesque surroundings. It is a small town which, since the railway

reached it, has begun to attract a considerable amount of trade. The granite which is used so extensively in public buildings in St. Petersburg is chiefly obtained here. The town is a famous educational centre. Opposite the Town Hall (Stadshuset), in Kirkkokatu, is an ethnographical museum containing many interesting antiquities, including Anglo-Saxon and Greek coins, found near the town.

The Town Hall itself contains a number of pictures by the Finnish artist Munsterhjelm. A well laid out park on the west affords good views of the town and its surroundings. The lake is thickly strewn with islands, and the neighbouring coast is indented by beautiful bays or fjords. Kirjavalakti, the "Bay of Many Colours," lies about ten miles to the north-east, along a good road. Further east, at a distance of about twenty-five miles, lies the still more magnificent Gulf of Impilax or Impilahti. It is reached by taking the steamer to Janaslahti, from which it is only a drive of 3 miles across a peninsula to Impilax.

A short steamer voyage of three hours transports the visitor to a foreign country. The island of Valamo is wholly Russian in customs, language, and dress. It is occupied by a monastery, in which reside some 500 Russian monks, and thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the empire annually make their way to this famous



RUOVESI

shrine. It is a sufficiently remarkable sight at any time, but especially so during the second week in July, when it is invaded by shoals of pilgrims, sometimes as many as 3000 arriving in one day, dressed in many strange costumes. The monastery is a wealthy one, and the visitors and the pilgrims are fed and lodged during their visit, but such is the piety of the Russian peasant, that it is certain that the monastery is the richer for their visit. There are two guest-houses, one reserved for the wealthier visitors. Men visitors may join the monks at meals in their common room, but women are served separately at the guest-house. It is forbidden to smoke, shoot, fish, or cut the trees on the island.

The tradition is that the monastery was founded in 992, while Russia was still pagan, by two missionary monks, Sergius and Hermann, whose tombs, enshrined in silver, are still shown in the cathedral, the *Preobrazhenski Sobor*, or Church of the Transfiguration. This church is built in the highly decorative Byzantine style, and has five golden cupolas, in one of which is a great bell, whose sound can be heard on the mainland. There are five other churches, and the visitor will not lack opportunities of making acquaintance with the elaborate Russian ritual.

One of the curiosities of the place is the alleged tomb of the Swedish King Magnus,

which is to be seen in the cemetery. During the long struggle between the Russians and the Swedes the monastery frequently suffered from raids from the mainland. A Russian inscription on this tomb narrates that in the year 1371 Magnus wickedly broke his oath not to make war, and prepared to descend with his fleet upon Valamo. A storm broke up the fleet, and Magnus himself, clinging to a broken boat, was rescued by the monks. After three days he embraced the Orthodox faith, and was christened in the name of Gregory, dying shortly afterwards. Unfortunately, however, for the monkish chroniclers, there seems to be good evidence that Magnus died at Bergen in Norway.

The island of Valamo is about 8 miles long by 4 broad, and there are numerous smaller islands near it. Apart from the monastery, in little isolated cells, the more austere hermits live. All the domestic and industrial work in the monastery is done by the monks themselves. They dress in a long, dark frock, and wear their hair in long ringlets, after the fashion of the conventional portraits of Christ, which may be seen on the numerous ikons. They are not, on the whole, a very cultured or highly educated set of men, though occasionally persons in high positions choose to immure themselves here. But the habit of solitude and reflection has given them a

simplicity and naïvety which disarm criticism. Visitors should call on the Abbot, and he will depute a monk to act as guide. As no charge is made for hospitality, a small gift should be made to the monastery.

XIII

LAND AND PEOPLE

Off the Beaten Track—Area, Population, and Industry—Race and Religion—Aliens in Europe—The Finnish Stock—Settlement in Finland—The Viking Age—English Connections—A Swedish Province—Gustavus Vasa—The Struggle with Russia—The Lost Provinces—Union with Russia—A Constitutional Monarchy—Alexander II.—The Military Law and Imperial Manifesto of 1896—Governor-General Bobrikoff—A Democratic Diet—The National Revival.

THE Grand Duchy of Finland is situated on the northern shores of the Baltic Sea, separating the Gulf of Bothnia from the Gulf of Finland, and extending north beyond the Arctic Circle, and across Lapland, almost to the shores of the Arctic Ocean. The whole country lies north of the 60th degree of latitude, which almost exactly coincides with the southern coast. As the 60th degree passes through the Shetland Islands, the name of Finland is associated by English people with that of Iceland, as a land of perpetual snow and ice. The inhabitants are often pictured as Esquimaux and Laplanders, whose chief means of subsistence is their reindeer herds. Mrs. Tweedie's delightful book, "Through Finland on Carts," conveys an

idea of hardship and privation by its very title. No picture could be further removed from reality, as those who have read Mrs. Tweedie's book, and not merely its title, will know. Finland is a prosperous and rapidly developing country, inhabited by an enterprising, progressive, and hospitable people. The farmers in the southern provinces supply the English markets with butter, and the great forests of the interior supply our builders with timber and our miners with pit-props. The climate in summer is as delightful as that of the Riviera in spring. The land is covered with greenery and with myriads of flowers and berries. The railway system far surpasses that of England for comfort and cheapness, while the intricate network of lakes provides an alternative and almost perfect method of inland travel. The hotels are simple, comfortable, and moderate in their charges. The rivers and lakes teem with fish, and the opportunities for safe boating and bathing are unsurpassed. Finland is as yet an undiscovered country to the tourist, but once its charms are known many other popular holiday grounds will have to acknowledge its superior claims.

The surface of Finland measures 166,000 square miles, but of this area one-ninth part is occupied by lakes. No other country in the world, with the exception of the basin of the St. Lawrence in America, is so much broken up by

lakes, and these great natural waterways are one of the main sources of Finland's prosperity. In 1907 the population was roughly 3,000,000, or an average of 20 to the square mile of land, having practically doubled since 1850, and quadrupled since 1800. The capital, Helsingfors, has a population of 125,000. The next town, Åbo, the old capital, comes a long way after with 46,000 inhabitants. There are only eight towns which have a population exceeding 10,000. The vast majority of the people (86 per cent.) are still rural and agricultural, though, with the development of industry, the proportion of town dwellers is rapidly increasing. Agriculture, including forestry, is the chief industry, employing 423,000 persons. Ninety-three thousand persons are engaged in manufacturing industries, 26,000 in transport, 26,000 in the public service, 16,000 in commerce, and 5000 in hunting and fishing. According to the Consular Report for 1906, the exports of Finland amounted to £10,729,440, and the imports to £12,541,040. The first railway line was laid in 1862, and in 1894 there were 2214 miles of line open to traffic, almost the whole of which belonged to the State. The phenomenal rate at which the prosperity of the country has developed in recent years is shown by the following figures. Between 1890 and 1904 the number of letters sent through the post in-

creased from ten millions to thirty millions, while, in the same period, the amount at the credit of depositors in Savings' Banks increased from £1,640,000 to £4,840,000. In 1905 the public debt amounted to £5,611,000, which was chiefly represented by a valuable asset in the shape of the railways. Finland has therefore much besides her natural beauty to recommend her to the attention of foreigners.

Finland is inhabited chiefly by two races—the Finns proper and the Finns of Swedish descent. Language cannot be accepted as an accurate test of race, but it suffices to give an approximate idea of the actual racial divisions in Finland. In 1900 the population was divided as follows:—

Language.	Population.	Percentage of Total Population.
Finnish	2,352,990	86.75
Swedish	349,733	12.89
Russian	5,937	.22
German	1,925	.07
Other languages . . .	1,975	.07

The Lapps in the far north are very few in numbers and their language is dying out. Finland was originally Christianised by Sweden, and, with her, at the Reformation, adopted the Lutheran faith. But the eastern provinces were for nearly two centuries incorporated in and administered

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as part of the Russian Empire, the consequence of which was that the Russian Orthodox Church, or the Greek Church as it is called, obtained a number of adherents in these provinces. Membership of the Greek communion, therefore, cannot be taken as an indication of Slavonic descent. In 1900 the religious census showed the following division of the population :—

Religion.	Adherents.	Percentage of Total Population.
Lutheran	2,662,171	98.14
Methodist	319	.01
Baptists (only found in Wasa)	2,851	.11
Greek Church (Russian) .	46,466	1.71
Roman Catholic	755	.03

It may therefore be said that the racial stock of Finland consists of Finns and Swedes professing the Lutheran Protestant faith.

The Finns, like the Basques in France, the Moors in Spain, the Magyars in Hungary, the Turks in the Balkan States, and the Tartars in Russia, are aliens in Europe. They do not belong to the great Aryan family of races of which the racial stock of Europe—the Greeks, Latins, Slavs, Teutons, and Kelts—consists. Their language, both in structure and in roots, has none of the elements which are common to the rest of Europe. Their almond-shaped eyes, their high cheek-bones,

and swarthy complexions indicate the physiognomy of Asia rather than of Europe.

According to the language test, the Finns belong to the Altaic family, which is again a branch of the Turanian group which has populated central Asia and the far East. The Altaic family of languages is divided into five branches—the Finno-Ugric, the Samoyedic, the Turkic-Tatar, the Mongolic, and the Manchu-Tungusic. The Finno-Ugric branch again is subdivided as follows:—

Finno-Ugric	{	Ugric	{ Ostiac Vogulian Magyar
		Bolgaric or Volgaric	{ Tcheremissian Mordvinian
		Permian	{ Permian Siryenian Voljak
		Finnic	{ Finnic, and its derivative, Lapp

The Finns are, therefore, first cousins to the Magyars of Hungary, and forty-second cousins to the Turks, the Mongols, and the Manchus. They have been swept up into their little northern corner by an eddy of that great wave of pagan invasion which, in the early Middle Ages, struck terror into the heart of Europe. They are kin to the terrible Hordes of Ghengis Khan, and to the devastating Huns of Attila. Over a thousand years later nurses still frighten children with tales

of "Ogres," little thinking that both the word and the conception are derived from the horror of our ancestors of the "Ugrian" races.

The Finns were among the earliest of the invaders to cross the Urals and descend upon the fertile plains of Scythia. They were gradually driven, by successive waves of immigration, up the banks of the Volga and Kama Rivers. Many remnants of the tribes, now more or less completely Russianised, are to be found throughout Russia to-day. In the northern forests they found free scope for their hunting proclivities, and on the shores of Lake Ladoga and the Baltic they began to open up a trade in furs with the Slavs and the Gothic tribes. The great disturbance of races caused by the Hun invasion forced them still further north, and they overran Finland, the land of Suomi, as they call it in their own language. There was a clearly marked distinction between the tribes who settled in the western district, called Tavastland, and in the eastern district, called Karelia. The Tavasts were slow, tenacious, dogged, and somewhat boorish. The Karelians were musical and artistic, quicker, and lighter-hearted, but neither so clean in their habits nor so intellectual. There were also distinctions in dialect. It is surmised that they were originally different tribes, and that they reached Finland by different routes—the Karelians



PIELLOJOKI : The Rapids of Kalimo

by land and the Tavasts by crossing the Baltic. They brought with them their strange language, their pagan religion, and their store of wild legends and magical incantations.

Scandinavia was the breeding-ground of the Vikings and sea-rovers who plundered the outlying provinces of the decaying Empire of Rome. From Norway and Denmark they descended upon the coasts of western Europe. From Sweden the Goths crossed the Baltic and descended the Borysthènes to the Euxine, until their barbaric shouts were heard before the walls of Constantinople. Later, in the ninth century, it was a Swedish Viking, Ruric, who welded together the Slavonic tribes round Novgorod and laid the foundation of the Russian Empire. These Novgorodians were soon to come in conflict with the Swedes themselves as they extended their influence across Finland, and the rival traders met on the shores of Lake Ladoga.

It is curious to find how large a part Englishmen have played in the history of Finland. In 1152 Nicholas Breakspeare, Cardinal of St. Albans, undertook a mission to Scandinavia to organise the Christian Church in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. It was he who gave the Northern Church its permanent character, and in the course of his labours he acquired a knowledge of the language, and a keen interest in the future of

Scandinavia. Afterwards he became Pope, under the name of Adrian IV. He founded the Metropolitan See of Upsala in Sweden, and appointed another Englishman, Henry, to be the first archbishop. At this time the Finns still retained their pagan religion. In 1157 Pope Adrian IV. authorised King Eric of Sweden to invade Finland, with the object of converting its inhabitants to Christianity. The Archbishop Henry accompanied the crusade. He baptized the first Finnish Christians near Åbo, built a church, and founded the Bishopric of Åbo. St. Henry has ever since been regarded as the patron saint of Finland. In the next century another English bishop, Thomas, conceived a plan for severing Finland from Sweden, and making it an independent Catholic State under the suzerainty of the Pope. He nearly succeeded in his enterprise. In later years many adventurous Scots soldiers of fortune took service both in the Swedish and in the Russian armies, and played a distinguished part in the Finnish wars. The names of Cockburn, Wedderburn, and Keith are well known, and many members of the Ramsay family are to be found in Finland to this day. It was a Scotsman—Finlayson—who, early last century, laid the foundations of the commercial prosperity of Tammerfors. The Finns are great sailors, and many of them take service in English ships, with the

consequence that the traveller in Finland is constantly surprised to find countrymen in remote parts who can speak English.

Large numbers of Swedish colonists settled on the fertile land along the shores of the Gulfs of Bothnia and Finland. Grants of land were made, on the more or less general mediæval principle, to Swedish families. Swedish became the sole language of culture, and a powerful Swedish aristocracy was formed. But, on the whole, Finland was not treated unfairly. It was incorporated in Sweden, and administered in every respect as a province of Sweden, the inhabitants electing their own representatives to the Swedish Parliament at Stockholm. By 1293 the Swedish conquests extended as far as Viborg, and the Swedes were brought into direct conflict with the Russians, who had already penetrated to the shores of Lake Ladoga and founded a monastery on the island of Valamo. In 1323 a treaty was concluded between the two rival powers fixing the river Rajajoki as the frontier, and, after many vicissitudes, this line once more marks the frontier of Finland and Russia to-day. For 500 years, however, Finland remained a buffer state between Sweden and Russia, and it suffered therefrom as buffer states generally do.

But Russia was not the only enemy the Swedes had to fear. The Danes overran Sweden, burned

Åbo, and occupied parts of Finland. Gustavus Vasa, who reigned from 1523 to 1560, was the Alfred who drove out the Danes, gave peace, and laws, and learning to his people, and secured a period of unexampled prosperity. It was under him that the Reformation was accomplished and the Lutheran faith adopted.

The Swedish conquests reached their greatest extent in 1617, under Gustavus Adolphus, when, by the treaty of Stolbova, Kexholm, on the shores of Lake Ladoga and Ingria, extending along the southern shore of the Gulf of Finland from Lake Ladoga to Lake Peipus, including the present site of St. Petersburg, were ceded to the Swedes. Russia was thus completely shut out from the Baltic, and remained so until the titanic genius of Peter the Great overcame all obstacles, and broke through "a window into Europe" on the banks of the Neva. Peter the Great became Tsar in 1659, at the age of seventeen. In 1699 the great war for the mastery of the Baltic commenced, and it lasted for twenty-one years. Charles XII. of Sweden was then only seventeen years of age, but in 1700 he inflicted a severe defeat upon Peter at Narva. Fortune seemed to be against the Russian arms at first, but Peter was indomitable. Slowly but surely he fought his way north, and by 1702 he had won back the province of Ingria. In 1703 he founded St.

Petersburg. Step by step he consolidated his power, and at length he overran Finland, and his victorious arms penetrated to the capital, Åbo. By the peace of Nystad (1721) he secured the recognition not only of the southern shore of the Baltic as Russian territory, but also the Finnish province of Viborg. During this long war the population was drained to maintain the armies of Charles XII., and at the conclusion of peace there were not more than quarter of a million of inhabitants in the country.

For the next century Finland enjoyed little peace, for the Swedes were continually endeavouring to recover their lost ground. War broke out again in 1741 with disastrous results. The Russians captured Helsingfors, and in 1743 the Swedes were compelled to sign the Treaty of Åbo, by which the towns of Villmanstrand and Fredrikshamn, and the fortress of Nyslott were left in Russian hands, and the Russian frontier was advanced to the river Kymmene between Kotka and Lovisa. Gustavus III. made another unfortunate attempt in 1788, when he was crippled by conspiracies at home. The Swedes had by this time secured a strong naval base at Sveaborg, and several naval battles were fought with varying success. The peace of Värälä, in 1790, left both parties where they were

The Russians, meantime, had come to the con-

clusion that nothing but the complete expulsion of Sweden from Finland could end this constant war. They opened secret negotiations with various men of influence on the basis of an independent Finland under the suzerainty of Russia. The incapacity of the Swedish rulers and the wretched condition of the country in the constant wars led these overtures to be favourably received in certain quarters, but nothing practical came of them. Watching an opportunity during the Napoleonic wars, the Russians crossed the frontier in 1808, on the pretext that the ports had not been closed against England. The Swedes were unable to send reinforcements, and Finland was left to defend herself. The issue was practically decided by the surrender of Sveaborg without a blow. For some months a heroic struggle against overwhelming odds was maintained by General Adlercreutz. He retreated northwards with his little army of Finlanders, fighting every inch of the way and winning numerous small engagements. The story of the guerilla war among the lakes and islands is full of the most romantic episodes. Without waiting for the end of the war the Tsar, Alexander I., proceeded to negotiate direct with the Finlanders. He summoned a deputation elected by the nobility, clergy, burghesses, and peasantry to meet him in St. Petersburg, and, after consulting them, he convened

the Estates to a General Diet at Borgå on March 22, 1809. This Diet entered into an agreement with him for the union of Finland and Russia, and took the oath of allegiance to Alexander as Grand Duke of Finland. In September of the same year, by the treaty of Fredrikshamn, Sweden ceded all her rights in Finland to Russia, and a new era in the history of the country was opened.

The proceedings of the Diet at Borgå, and the various manifestoes and solemn declarations of Alexander I. at this time, constitute the charter of Finland's liberties. The annexation to Russia was not a simple act of conquest and unconditional surrender, it was an *Act of Union* carried out by due process of law. Finland did not lose her identity or become merged in the Russian Empire. Her constitution and her independence were guaranteed. She was not included in the general title of Tsar of all the Russias, but a separate title was added to the Russian Crown—"Grand Duke of Finland." To the Estates assembled at Borgå Alexander I. signed and delivered the following declaration :—

Providence having placed Us in possession of the Grand Duchy of Finland, We have desired, by the present act, to confirm and ratify the Religion and fundamental Laws of the Land, as well as the privileges

and rights which each class of the said Grand Duchy in particular, and all the inhabitants in general, be their position high or low, have hitherto enjoyed according to the Constitution. We promise to maintain all these benefits and laws firm and unshaken in their full force.

Two days after this declaration, on March 29, 1809, the Estates took the oath of fealty to the new Grand Duke, and, at the same time, affirmed the inviolability of the constitution. The net effect of these negotiations is that the Crowns of Finland and Russia are united, but, in striking contrast to that of Russia, the political organisation of Finland is that of a Constitutional Monarchy.

During the century which has elapsed since the union Finland has held firmly to this anchor. At times the ship of state has swung with the tide, but the anchor has held. After 1809 the Diet did not meet again for fifty-four years, till it was convoked by Alexander II. in 1863. He opened it in person, and, in his address, commending to the attention of the representatives various legislative and financial reforms, he stated that "These questions have remained in suspense because their solution required the co-operation of the Estates." In 1869 a new law was enacted, which provided

for the convocation of the Diet at regular intervals. It was under Alexander II. also that the Finnish language won official recognition. No other monarch has ever obtained such a hold upon the loyalty and the affections of the Finnish people as the Tsar whose memory is cherished as the protector of Finnish liberties. The Alexander II. Memorial, in Senate Square, Helsingfors, was unveiled in 1894, amid scenes of extraordinary enthusiasm, and through troublesome and perilous times it has remained a centre for patriotic demonstrations.

A most unfortunate episode in Finnish history opened with the proposed alteration of the Military Law in 1898. Hitherto the army had not been liable in time of peace to serve outside of Finland. The Tsar suddenly announced his intention of making a large increase in the actual army and in the period of service, and, further, of adding the liability to serve anywhere within Russia. Contrary to the usual practice a Bill on these lines was submitted to the Diet, not for its consent, but simply for its advice as to the best method of applying it. This was followed, in February 1899, by an Imperial Manifesto declaring that henceforth on all questions common to the whole Empire the consent of the Diet and Senate should no longer be necessary, but that laws should be enacted by the Tsar alone, with

the advice of his Imperial Council in St. Petersburg. This manifesto created the profoundest consternation from Helsingfors to the remotest settlement beyond the Polar Circle. The ladies of the capital wore mourning. Within a fortnight a loyal petition to the Emperor entreating him to maintain the fundamental laws was signed by over half a million adult citizens. A deputation consisting of 500 members, one from every parish in the Grand Duchy, carried the petition to St. Petersburg, but they were refused an audience with the Emperor.

In this dark hour when the constitution seemed torn up, every section and every party sank their differences; the Swedish and the Finnish Parties, hitherto bitter opponents, united in defence of national liberties. An appeal to arms would have been futile, but, with the dogged stubbornness characteristic of their race, the Finns entered upon a campaign of passive resistance. General Bobrikoff, Chief of Staff of the Guards in St. Petersburg, a man of drastic methods and harsh manners who had successfully dragooned the Baltic provinces, was appointed Governor-General of Finland, in order to carry out the new military law. A régime of espionage, prosecutions, and summary banishments ensued. It was considered a disloyal act to praise the memory of Alexander II. A rigid press censorship was enforced. Many

of the most respected citizens in the highest positions were compelled to leave the country, and those in humbler positions fled from it in order to escape the hateful conscription for the Russian army. During the five years 1894-98 the average annual number of emigrants to countries outside of Europe was 3192, but during the next five years, after the manifesto, the annual average had increased to 15,030. The severity of General Bobrikoff's régime earned for him the hatred of the whole Finnish people. A very dangerous situation was created, and finally, on June 16, 1904, General Bobrikoff was shot in the vestibule of the Senate by a young Finn of noble family, who thereupon turned his weapon against himself and shot himself twice in the heart.

Since November 1905 other counsels have prevailed. The new military law has been abandoned, the Finnish army has been disbanded, and instead thereof a fixed money payment has been voted to the Imperial Government on account of national defence. The Diet has been reconstructed on the basis of a franchise which amounts practically to adult suffrage, including women. In 1907 the Diet contained nineteen women representatives, and it is one of the most democratic representative chambers in the world.

Since her union with Russia and her release from the scourge of war Finland has prospered

exceedingly. The great resources of the country have been developed, trade and industry have been established, wealth has increased, and the population has multiplied with marvellous rapidity. And on this material prosperity the flower of national culture has blossomed. Instead of becoming Russianised the nationality of the Finn has become more and more individualised. Like their mythical hero, Kullervo, tearing off his swaddling-clothes, the Finns have thrown aside the Swedish language, which had hitherto been the only medium of literature, learning, and culture. The despised Finnish language, the vernacular of the peasants and woodsmen, has won its way to a place of honour in the Diet and in the Press, and a great poet has revealed to the world the unsuspected treasures of legend which it contained. The Finn must now be accepted as one of the national types of Europe which is bound to have in the future an increasing influence both on the material and on the spiritual development of civilisation.

XIV

FINLAND IN LEGEND

THE WIZARDS OF THE NORTH

A Sailor's Superstition—Ancient Lore—The Hidden Life—Professor Porthan—Leaders of the National Movement—J. W. Snellman—J. L. Runeberg—Elias Lönnrot—The Runos—Max Müller on the *Kalevala*—The Collection of the *Kalevala*—A Mirror of Nature—Literary Form—The Heroes—Pagan Theology—Ilmarinen's Wooing—The Pohjola Wedding—Lemminkäinen, the Reckless—Kullervo, the Luckless—Väinämöinen, the Bard—Väinämöinen's Wooing—Aino's Grief and Death—Väinämöinen's Fishing—Mariatta—The Swan Song of Paganism.

BRITISH sailors will tell you that they have a strong objection to sailing with Finns as members of the crew. The Finns, from time immemorial, have been famous sailors. They serve before the mast under the flags of all countries. In New York and in San Francisco there are special clubs founded for the use of the numerous Finnish sailors calling at these ports. They are hardy, active, and skilful sailors, much prized by mates and captains. But the British A.B. has a prejudice against the Finn. He believes that he is a wizard with uncanny powers. It is not only

that he can stick his knife into the mast and extract a tot of rum—one might even come to regard such a habit with complaisance—but he can command the elements, he holds commerce with unseen powers, he is an adept at black magic.

This is not merely the natural prejudice against foreigners. The very name "Finn," like the name "Lapp," is derived from a root which means "wizard." These people, descended from a remote Asiatic stock, are strangers among the Aryan family of nations which inhabits Europe. They have brought with them their own incomprehensible language and their own stock of legends and folk-tales. Without a written literature they have handed down from father to son for thousands of years their own great national epic, preserving, in spite of their conversion to Christianity, the old pagan theology and cosmogony, celebrating the magical prowess of their ancestors, and keeping alive the memory of innumerable magic rites, spells, exorcisms, and formulæ.

Christianised at the point of the sword, ground to dust between the warring Kings of Sweden and Tsars of Russia, locked in a desperate struggle with nature for the bare essentials of existence, poor, few in numbers, and shut off from the rest of the world, this people has cherished in its heart a passionate attachment to the ancient customs and usages. Beneath the crust of Swedish cul-

ture and of Russian Imperialism, there glowed, unguessed at, the hot lava of a national life that was neither Teutonic nor Slavonic. Deep in the forests, upon the shores of distant lakes, in a language unintelligible to the rest of Europe, the ancient wisdom was guarded. In the long winter evenings the runo-singers sat beside the flaring pine logs reciting the adventures of the heroes of the race, sang their loves and joys and sorrows, sang the nature lore that is not to be found in books, made the people's hearts glow with pictures of their daily life and toil, pictures as true and vivid now as they were thousands of years ago.

The Swedish aristocracy turned their eyes to Sweden, ecclesiastics poured forth dreary volumes of theology, the Russian bureaucracy produced interminable reports upon the administrators of the country, but few suspected the existence of this deep fountain of national poetry.

The first herald of the Finnish Renaissance was Henrik Gabriel Porthan (1739-1804), Professor of Roman Literature at Åbo University. In his father's parsonage at Viitasaari, he learned something of the hidden life of the people, enough to guess at its depth and richness, and at the potentialities which culture might develop. He is known as the father of Finnish history. Finnish was his mother tongue, but he wrote little in it,

for, as yet, there was no audience. Most of his works are in Latin, and a few in Swedish. But he resolutely set himself to prepare the way for a Finnish literature. He promoted the spread of education in many ways, urging the importance of using the vernacular as the vehicle of instruction, and he edited the first newspaper published in Finland. It was he who tilled the ground which a generation later was to prove so fertile, and the statue which stands in front of Åbo Cathedral shows that his labours are not forgotten.

Professor Porthan flourished in the latter half of the eighteenth century. He was succeeded by a group of remarkable men in whom his dreams came to fruition. Johan Wilhelm Snellman (1806–81), Johan Ludvig Runeberg (1804–77), and Elias Lönnrot (1802–89) would be distinguished figures in any country, and in Finland they take rank as national heroes.

Snellman, the philosopher and statesman, was born in Stockholm of Finnish parents. While still a child he was brought back to Finland, where he received his education. At Åbo University he was brought into contact with Runeberg and Lönnrot, and from their joint enthusiasm sprang the Finnish Literary Society, the foster mother of Finnish literature. He travelled widely, and published several literary and philosophical

works. To his labours are largely due the final adoption of Finnish as a language of education and culture. He became rector of a school at Kuopio, where his memory is celebrated by a bronze bust on the Promenade, and there he became editor of a Finnish newspaper, *Maamiehen Ystävä*, "The Countryman's Friend." His zeal for social reform got him into trouble in official circles, and he had to resign his mastership. During the Liberal régime of Alexander II. he was appointed Professor of Philosophy at the University, now removed to Helsingfors, and in 1863 he was appointed Senator and President of the Finance Bureau. He is considered to have been the inspirer of the proclamation of 1863 establishing the rights of the Finnish language, and his memory is cherished throughout Finland as one of her greatest statesmen. His severe features, of the strongly marked Abraham Lincoln type, look down from many a cottage wall.

Runeberg's fame as a poet has travelled far beyond the confines of Finland. He was born at Jakobstad, and became Professor of Latin at Borgå School. One of his most famous poems deals with events in the last war between Finland and Russia. Another, "The Elk Hunters," is full of animated pictures of forest life. His metrical "Tales of Enslyn Stål" have been frequently translated, and enjoy great popularity. He only

wrote in Swedish, but his spirit was so native to the soil that even the bar of language could not prevent his becoming the idol of Swedish and Finnish speaking people alike. His house at Borgå is still preserved as he left it as a national heirloom. Visitors are pointed out with affectionate insistence the spring where he used to drink, and the little hill where he sat to look out over the lake. In the most prominent position in the capital, in the centre of Norra Esplanadgatan, a fine memorial has been erected by national subscription, from the designs of his son, W. Runeberg, who has earned almost equal fame as a sculptor.

Modern education and culture, and modern industrialism, might easily have swept away the whole of the rich store of Finnish legend and folk-tales had there been no one to rescue them from such a fate. In the very nick of time the right man appeared in the person of Elias Lönnrot, a country physician practising at Kajana in the remote interior. Lönnrot was the son of a poor village tailor in the Nyland Province. He was employed in a chemical laboratory at Tavastehus, when he attracted the attention of a physician who had him educated, and sent him to the University at Åbo. There he met Snellman and Runeberg, and became absorbed in the great literary and artistic movement of which



KULLERVO CURSING HIS MISTRESS :
From a painting by A. Gallen in the Athenæum

they were the moving spirits. He qualified as a doctor, and for some time practised his profession at Kajana, constantly moving about among the people, speaking the vernacular, winning their confidence, persuading them to unlock to him all the treasures of their legendary lore.

The existence of these runos was already matter of common knowledge, and their nature had probably been the subject of frequent discussion in the literary circle at Åbo. One writer, R. von Becker, had expressed the opinion that if the runos were collected they would be found to form fragments of one great native epic. To the systematic collection of these runos Lönnrot began to devote himself, making journeys all over the country on foot. The Finnish Literary Society was quick to realise the importance of this work, and it appointed him to a travelling scholarship, which greatly facilitated his researches. It also undertook the expense of publishing his collections. A marvellous store of proverbs, riddles, magic songs, lyrics, and folk-tales was unearthed, to the joy of folk-lorests all over the world. But the crown of his efforts was the recovery of the *Kalevala*, the great lost epic of Finland, pieced together from the memories of hundreds of runo-singers. The first edition, published in 1835, contained 32 cantos, or about 12,000 lines in all. Further research yielded many additions, and in

1849 the second edition was published, containing 50 cantos, or 22,800 lines, about 7000 more than the *Iliad*. The *Kalevala*, "Land of Heroes," was greeted with intense enthusiasm. For the first time the people became conscious of the treasure they possessed. Hitherto the epic, in spite of its familiarity, had been known to them only in fragments. Now that they saw it complete even they were amazed at its breadth and richness. Lönnrot's genius was amply recognised. He was appointed Professor of Finnish at the University, and in 1882 his eightieth birthday was celebrated by a national festival.

In his lectures on the Science of Language Mr. Max Müller has indicated the importance of the addition which the *Kalevala* makes to the literature of the world :—

"From the mouths of the aged an epic poem has been collected equalling the *Iliad* in length and completeness; nay, if we can forget for a moment all that we in our youth learned to call beautiful, not less beautiful. A Finn is not a Greek, and Väinämöinen was not a Homer; but if the poet may take his colours from that nature by which he is surrounded, if he may depict the men with whom he lives, the *Kalevala* possesses merits not dissimilar from those of the *Iliad*, and

will claim its place as the fifth national epic of the world, side by side with the *Ionian Songs*, with the *Mahābhāratta*, the *Shahnametti*, and the *Nibelunge*."

The question of the authorship of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* has given rise to long and heated debate between scholars. Seven cities contended for the honour of having been the birthplace of the traditional blind bard. Scholars, rudely shattering the popular idol, have maintained that there never was a Homer who composed, in the popular sense, the two great poems to which his name is attached; at most he was but a minstrel who collected the songs and legends handed down from uncounted generations, and rounded them into one connected whole. Almost in our own time this process has been carried out with regard to the *Kalevala*. For countless generations these fifty runos have been the real literature and testament of the Finns. Their whole scheme of life was coloured by their pictures and by their wisdom sayings. For every episode in the day's work and play the runo-singer had an appropriate precedent. These legends were the lexicon of the peasant whose shrewdest proverbs and most vivid similes were drawn from them. No argument could be better clinched than by a phrase from the mouth of one of the hero-singers and wizards of old.

A very similar condition must have prevailed before the committal of the Homeric lays to writing. Elias Lönnrot, man of genius though he was, was but the instrument of the race spirit of the Finns. He took many liberties with his subject. He lopped off excrescences, he patched together fragments from a hundred sources, he sometimes altered names and characters to bring the parts into definite relation to the whole. He simply did on a large scale what every runo-singer of genius had been doing for centuries with regard to the legends in his repertory. He inherited the accumulated wisdom and invention of thousands of precursors. But the real author of the *Kalevala* was the Finnish people themselves. It is as purely national a growth as is the British Constitution.

The special feature of the *Kalevala* is that its heroes, though they were indeed wizards, were yet not of supernatural proportions like the heroes of Greece. They were no mighty war-lords with courts and attendants and hosts of retainers, but simply the ordinary people plying the common trades of the land—farmers, smiths, hunters, fishers, singers, and “medicine-men.” The *Kalevala* holds up the mirror to nature. In it we see reflected the whole life of the people—birth, marriage, and death, seed-time and harvest; the blacksmith toiling at the forge, the maiden wash-

ing clothes on the lake side, the boat-builder, the chase, the beauty of nature, and the delights of the bath. It is still the best guide that has ever been written to Finland. And interwoven with these pictures, or rather the web upon which they are woven, are the myths of creation, and of the war of good and evil, and the rites of magic. In the words of Lönnrot's proem, the *Kalevala* is

“ Filled with old-time incantations,
Filled with songs of times primeval,
Filled with ancient wit and wisdom ;
Sings the very oldest folk-songs,
Sings the origin of witchcraft,
Sings of Earth and its beginning,
Sings the first of all creations,
Sings the source of good and evil,
Sung, alas ! by youth no longer.”

This quotation is from the English translation of Mr. J. M. Crawford,¹ formerly American Consul at St. Petersburg, who has reproduced the whole work in its original metre. It will be seen that the metre is the same as that which Longfellow adopted for his *Hiawatha*, a pleasing but much more artificial attempt to give similar form to the legends of the American Indians. It was in a German translation of the *Kalevala* that Longfellow first discovered the metre, and he

¹ Mr. Crawford's translation is now difficult to obtain, but Mr. Dent has included a new translation, by Mr. W. F. Kirby, of the *Kalevala* in his "Everyman's Library" (2 vols., price 1s. each). Mr. Kirby's version follows the original closely.

recognised at once that it was the very medium for which he had been looking. The Finnish language lends itself much more easily to this metre than English, inasmuch as it is essentially trochaic, the accent being upon the first syllable of every word. The original is unrhymed, but it is extremely alliterative. Another feature is its parallelisms, "the rhyme of the sense." Every second line is an echo of the preceding one, repeating the sense in a slightly altered form, with a different shade of meaning, or with an added picturesqueness of detail. This was a characteristic of Hebrew poetry, and English readers are familiar with it in the *Psalms*, the *Proverbs*, and the *Song of Solomon*. In other respects it has many points in common with our own ballad literature. There are innumerable repetitions and refrains. Nearly every action must be done three times before it is properly done. A man does not simply travel; "he goes, and he goes, and he further goes." "God did not create hurry," as the Finnish proverb says, and the dying Aino bids farewell to her family, seriatim, in the greatest detail. The runos are not literary but essentially oral in form, and no trick of alliteration, parallelism, or repetition is forgotten which will assist the memory.

The *Kalevala* is an epic cycle of the adventures of Väinämöinen, the bard and sage; of Ilmarinen,

the strong blacksmith; of Lemminkainen, the reckless fisherman, a universal lover; and of Kulervo, the shepherd, embittered by misfortune. Each of these individuals is a very strongly marked type, and their constant exhibition as patterns and warnings must have had a profound effect upon the formation of character among the youth of Finland. These heroes inhabit Finland, and they are continually making expeditions into Lapland, the cold and dismal Sariola or Pohjola (Northland), for the purpose of capturing brides or recovering treasure. Louhi, a withered and toothless hag, is the "Hostess of Pohjola," and her daughter is the Rainbow Maiden. There is always enmity between the Finns and the Lapps, between the Sons of Light and the Sons of Darkness. Some have tried to read here a symbol or myth of the eternal struggle between good and evil, but it is safe to say that the authors of the *Kalevala* had no such abstract intention. Their interest was in the narrative, and the only symbolism lies in the unconsciously natural ascription of all the good to one side and all the bad to the other. But the Sons of Light are always falling in love with the Daughters of Darkness, who are very fair, and the Rainbow Maiden is the Helen of the *Kalevala*.

A strange and wild theology permeates the whole cycle. Väinämöinen and Ilmarinen bear

some resemblance to the Norse gods Odin and Thor. Väinämöinen's mother was the daughter of the Ether, and he sprung from her womb with all his powers mature. Ilmarinen, too, is something more than man—

“ Worthy smith is Ilmarinen,
In this art is first and master,
He, the one that forged the heavens,
Forged the air a hollow cover ;
Nowhere see we hammer traces,
Nowhere find a single tongs mark.”

Lord over all, the creator and beneficent father, he to whom final appeal is made in all spells and incantations, is Ukko. The nether world, with its dark river of death, is ruled over by Tuoni or Hiisi, a malignant power. Besides these the earth and the air, the forest and the lake are peopled by a multitude of lesser deities, gnomes, and nymphs who, on being invoked, frequently condescend to play a part, for good or for evil, in the affairs of the heroes.

Ilmarinen is induced by the promise of the Rainbow Maiden in marriage to forge for Louhi, the dread hostess, the magic sampo. The sampo is a kind of fortune-grinding mill like that in our own familiar fairy tale, “How the Sea is Salt.” It secures fortune and plenty to its lucky possessor. Having fulfilled his task Ilmarinen sets out to Lapland to claim his bride. Louhi puts

him off again and again, setting him a series of impossible tasks. He must plough the serpent field of Hiisi; he must muzzle the bear of Tuoni; he must catch the monster pike in the river of Tuoni. Each of these feats he accomplishes with the help and advice of the Maid, who secretly loves him, and at last Louhi consents to the marriage.

The Pohjola wedding is one of the most popular episodes in the *Kalevala*. All the preparations were made upon a heroic scale, and they are all described with a wealth of detail. The ox that was slain was greater than the Wonderful Derby Ram. It waved its tail in Karelia and bellowed in Torneå. A squirrel ran for a month between its horns, and "it is not there yet." Never was there such a brewing, and never was there beer so powerful. The wedding hall towered to the skies. When the cock crowed on the roof you could not hear it on the ground, and when the dog barked at one end of the hall you could not hear it at the other. The whole population of Northland, rich and poor, young and old, was invited to the wedding. After the feasting come the songs of farewell and advice. The Rainbow Maiden's farewell to her old home is very simple and affecting. The song of "Osmotar, the Bride Adviser," contains a whole system of domestic economy and prudent maxims

for housewives. An old beggar woman sings a doleful tale of an evil husband, and a crabbed old man tells how nagging wives should be treated. The husband, too, is exhorted to be kind and gentle with his young wife. If she prove disobedient he is to bear with her whims for three years—

“ Teach one year in words of kindness,
Teach with eyes of love a second,
In the third year teach with firmness.
If she should not heed thy teaching,

Then instruct her with the willow,
Use the birch-rod from the mountain,
In the closet of thy dwelling,
In the attic of thy mansion ;
Strike her not upon the common,
Do not conquer her in public,
Lest the villagers should see thee,
Lest the neighbours hear her weeping.”

It is to be feared that, in these days, when ladies are elected Members of Parliament in Finland, some of this advice has become obsolete. Nevertheless it is an honoured custom to have these bride songs repeated at the marriages of the country folk. They are regarded as hardly less essential than the religious ceremony.

Lemminkainen is a rollicking swashbuckler who is never happy unless he is making love or in the thick of a *mêlée*—

“ Reckless Lemminkainen,
Handsome hero, Kaukomieli,
Ever ready for a venture.”

The love of his mother, which never fails him even in his worst escapades, which finally conquers death itself for his sake, is described with a beauty and pathos never transcended in literature. He also sets out to Lapland to try his luck with the daughters of Louhi, but he is less fortunate than Ilmarinen in accomplishing the tasks which are set him. He brings back captive the Wild Moose of Hiisi; he bridles the Fire Horse of Hiisi; but when he tries to kill the Swan on the River of Tuoni he is killed by treachery and thrown into the dark River of Death. His mother learns by omens that some misfortune has overcome him, and, distracted by grief, she wanders all over Northland seeking him. She calls upon the trees, the paths, and the moon to tell her where he is, but they are all too busy about their own affairs. The sun has pity on her and lights her to the Dark River. She rakes out the poor, mangled corpse and laments over it until the bee, winging its way up to the Seventh Heaven, brings nectar from the breath of Ukko, the Creator himself, with which the body is anointed and comes to life again. Lemminkainen is restored to give her much love, and to give her fond heart many another pang—for he is incorrigible.

Kullervo is the tragic figure of the *Kalevala*. He is "The Fatherless," "The Forsaken,"

"The Homeless," "The Child of Contradictions," "The Hapless Son of Cold Misfortune." But, above all, he is the "Child of Vengeance," and vengeance is a dark and awful passion. His uncle made war upon his father, burned his home, and destroyed his tribe. No survivor was found but this fatal babe, who is carried off by the uncle. He is a wicked and malicious imp. Even in his cradle he gives evidence of his infernal powers. He tears off his swaddling-clothes, and swears to have vengeance for his wrongs. His uncle in terror seeks to destroy him, but he will not drown, he will not burn, and he seems to enjoy being crucified on an oak-tree. Then he tries to set him to work, but the young Wizard tortures the children, burns the forest, builds unpassable fences, and destroys the crops. So the Wicked Uncle sells Kullervo to Ilmarinen, the smith, to be his servant, hoping thus to get rid of him. Set to herd the cattle, he turns them into wolves and bears, and drives them back upon the homestead, where they devour Ilmarinen's wife, the "Rainbow Maiden." Then he sets off hot-foot on vengeance. Accident leads him to a lonely dwelling "on the farthest shores of Northland," and in this refuge he finds his father and mother and a brother and sister still surviving. Another sister had been lost in the forest. For a time he



THE MOTHER OF LEMMINKÄINEN RESTORING THE BODY OF HER SON TO LIFE :
From a painting by A. Gallen in the Athenæum

lives with them, but his passionate disposition, and the moral twist in his nature, make it impossible for them to be happy. One day, when he is making a long journey, he meets a maiden whom he seduces. Later he discovers that she is no other than his lost sister. She, crazy with grief, throws herself into a cataract and is drowned. He returns and confesses to his mother, vowing to seek death in battle. His mother alone forgives him. Spurned by his father, brother, and sister, he departs to seek once more his uncle's home. He slays his uncle and all his family, and then, having wandered through the forest till he has found the spot where he met his sister, he drives his sword into his heart. So is the curtain rung down upon a tragedy as dark and gloomy as Hamlet.

It is left to Väinämöinen to sing the moral—

“ Oh ye many unborn nations,
Never evil nurse your children,
Never give them out to strangers,
Never trust them to the foolish !
If the child be not well nurtured,
Is not rocked and led uprightly,
Though he grow to years of manhood,
Bear a strong and shapely body,
He will never know discretion,
Never eat the bread of honour,
Never drink the cup of wisdom.”

Väinämöinen is the Prospero of the *Kalevala*. He is the great enchanter, the master-

singer, the sage and prophet. Far and wide the fame of his wisdom has travelled. All Northland has heard of his songs, and in distant Lapland the heroes are jealous of his skill. He is the good genius of his country. It is he who organises the expedition into Lapland, in which he is joined by Ilmarinen and Lemminkainen, to recover the magic sampo, so that Kalevala may share in the good fortune it grinds out. From the bones of a giant pike he frames the first harp, and draws such music from its strings that nature stands still, and all the beasts and birds and fishes draw near to listen to him. Rather than share the sampo, Louhi spitefully casts it into the sea, and only a few fragments are recovered. Still they are sufficient to secure some good fortune, and this accounts for the fact that Finland is to-day so much better a country to live in than Lapland.

It is a very human touch that the wisest man in Kalevala is unfortunate in his love affairs. Early in the history Väinämöinen woos a fair maid called Aino. Her mother is enamoured of his wisdom, and forces on her daughter what she considers "a good match." But Aino would fain have a young and handsome lover, and she implores not to be parted from her happy childhood. The old bard meets her in the forest and attempts to make love to her. She repulses him

and returns home weeping. From her father, her brother, and her sister she conceals the true cause of her weeping, but in her mother she confides. Not all the jewels and rich robes that her mother gives her can stay her tears. And as she weeps she sings :—

“ Better had it been for Aino
 Had she never seen the sunlight,
 Or, if born, had died an infant,
 Had not lived to be a maiden,

 Needed then but little linen,
 Needed but a little coffin,
 And a grave of smallest measure ;
 Mother would have mourned a little,
 Father, too, perhaps a trifle,
 Sister would have wept the day through,
 Brother might have shed a tear-drop,
 Thus had ended all the mourning.”

Then Aino decks herself in silken robes and jewels, and wanders, crazed, through the forest, singing snatches of song like Ophelia. After three days' wandering she reaches the sea-shore. At dawn she sees four mermaids swimming out to sea. Taking off her robes and jewels, and carefully hanging them on the bushes, she tries to swim out to them. She reaches a beautiful rainbow-coloured rock, and clammers up on it to rest. With a crash and roar of waters the beautiful stone sinks to the bottom of the blue sea, carrying poor Aino with it. As she sinks she

sings farewell to her dear relatives. She bids her father never come a-fishing in these waters, and her mother never to use them for baking, and her brother never to bring his horse to drink, and her sister never to wash there, for

“All the waters of the blue sea
Shall be blood of Aino's body ;
All the fish that swim these waters
Shall be Aino's flesh for ever ;
All the willows on the sea-side
Shall be Aino's ribs hereafter ;
All the sea-grass on the margin
Will have grown from Aino's tresses.”

One day as Väinämöinen is fishing near the haunt of the mermaids he hooks a marvellous fish and lands it in the bottom of his boat. As he marvels at its strange beauty—it is smoother than a salmon and brighter spotted than a trout—he draws his knife to cut it up for cooking. No sooner has he touched it than it leaps from the boat, and, swimming off to a safe distance, thus addresses the disconsolate sage :—

“I am not a scaly sea-fish,
Not a trout of Northland rivers,
Not a whiting from the waters,
Not a salmon of the North-seas,
I, a young and merry maiden,
Friend and sister of the fishes,
Youkahainen's youngest sister,
I, the one that thou dost fish for,
I am Aino whom thou lovest.”

Then the water-maiden dives beneath the surface to the home of the mermaids. For days and days Väinämöinen seeks her, dragging his silken fish-net through all the mermaid haunts, through all the lakes and rivers of Lapland and Kalevala, but, though he caught fish of every kind, he never again saw Aino, the fairest daughter of the Northland.

Väinämöinen resumes his songs and incantations. He saves his country from all the plagues that Louhi sends upon it, and dwells among his people in great honour and content. But a new power comes upon the earth, something strangely alien to the old pagan joy. Mariatta, a Northland virgin, conceives, without sin, a child to the Mountain Berry. She is discarded by her parents and her son is born in a stable, in a manger, breathed upon by the horses. The infant grows in beauty and "All of Suomi" wonders. His mother calls him "Flower"; others call him "Son of Sorrow." Väinämöinen recognises a rival against whom all his magic cannot prevail. Sorrowfully but resignedly he builds himself a boat, and sails away into the West, singing:—

"Suns may rise and set in Suomi,
Rise and set for generations,
When the North will learn my teachings,
Will recall my wisdom sayings,
Hunger for the true religion.
Then will Suomi need my coming,

Watch for me at dawn of morning,
That I may bring back the sampu,
Bring anew the harp of joyance,
Bring again the golden moonlight,
Bring again the silver sunshine,
Peace and plenty to the Northland."

This extraordinary episode, with which the *Kalevala* ends, shows distinct traces of later origin than the rest of the epic. It is, in fact, a version of the great Christian story of the Nativity, but the strange feature, proving its great antiquity, is that it is a hostile version. It is the swan-song of Paganism, the last cry of the Elder Gods. Great Pan is dead and the pale Galilean has conquered, but the Finnish legend shows a deep yearning for the old "harp of joyance," and a dim hope that perhaps some day in the future the burden of this new soul may pass away.

XV

ST. PETERSBURG

GENERAL VIEW

Viborg to St. Petersburg—A Seaside Suburb—Arrival—The Isvostchik—The Hotels—Passports—Tipping—Hotel Life—General View of the Town—The Column of Alexander I.—The Statue of Peter the Great—The Neva—The Nevski Prospect—Life on the Nevski—A Walk along the Nevski—From the Admiralty to Ekaterininski Canal—The Memorial Church of Alexander II.—The Fire Tower—The Gos-tinni Dvor—Mikhailovskaya Street—"Toleration" Street—The Imperial Public Library—Alexander Square—Predominant Impression—History of St. Petersburg—Symbols of Autocracy.

THE journey from Viborg to St. Petersburg by rail¹ occupies about four hours. The scenery offers few features of interest, but it is curious to note the sudden change in manners and customs on crossing the frontier. Terijoki, eighty kilometres from Viborg, is the Finnish customs station, and the luggage of passengers arriving from Russia is examined here. The stations Kuokkala and Ollila are passed before crossing the small river Sestra, which forms the frontier. The first Russian station is Bielo-ostroff, or

¹ For the sea route see p. 100.

Valkea-saari, in Finnish, and "White-island" in English. This is the Customs station for passengers proceeding to St. Petersburg. The Customs officers come through the train to examine the luggage in the carriage, but if the passenger has luggage in the van he must see it examined, otherwise it will be detained. Passports are not examined here, but it is well to have them in readiness in case of any difficulty about the luggage. It is advisable to obtain some Russian change at the hotel before leaving Viborg, and to familiarise oneself with the coinage.

From Terijoki to Bielo-ostroff the line runs within a mile of the coast of the Gulf of Finland, and the district has become a favourite summer resort of Petersburg business men and their families. It is only an hour's journey from town. In the morning crowds of smart business men join the train at all the stations. In the afternoon and evening the stations are crowded with gaily-dressed ladies and girls waiting for "papa" to come home, and in the verandas of the numerous pretty villas which nestle among the trees the samovar sits steaming upon the table. The many advertisements of building and land companies displayed along the line show how rapidly the development of this seaside suburb is proceeding. Many Russians prefer to live on the Finnish side of the frontier

because of the larger political liberty, but all the way to St. Petersburg there may also be seen many of the little wooden villas, or *datchi*, in which every Russian family that can afford it spends the summer. No sooner has the frontier been crossed than every notice and sign is printed in Russian letters alone, and no longer both in Russian and Finnish. The red shirt of the *mujik*, or peasant, becomes a familiar feature of the landscape.

The terminus (*Finliandski Voksal*) of the Finland Railway in St. Petersburg is situated on the north side of the Neva, about three miles from the centre of the town and the principal hotels. Numerous porters (*noselstchiki*) await the arrival of trains. These men are thoroughly trustworthy. They belong to a powerful union, or *Artel*, which is responsible for any defalcations, and, in consequence, exercises a very rigid supervision over its membership. It is often a great convenience to a passenger to be able to trust the porter to purchase his ticket, and to know that he will bring back the right change. Each *noselstchik* wears a metal plate with a number by which he can be identified. Twenty copecks, equal to 5d., is a sufficient tip for carrying the luggage to the entrance, where hundreds of cabs (*drozhki*) and gesticulating cabmen (*isvostchiki*) are waiting for their lawful prey.

It is necessary to bargain with the *isvostchik*

about his fare. In this case there need be little difficulty. A rouble is ample payment for the journey to any of the chief hotels. All that is necessary to do is to name the hotel and the fare. If he assents he will immediately say "*pozhalst*" (if you please), give the reins a shake, and invite you to step into his drozhki. Should he not assent there are crowds of eager competitors around who will only be too glad to say "*pozhalst*" in reply to the offer: "Hôtel de France, rouble." This bargaining seems strange to the visitor, but it is the common practice in St. Petersburg. On the Nevski Prospect an officer bargaining with an isvostchik is a frequent sight.

"*Tridtsat kopeyek*" (thirty copecks), he offers. "*Piatdesyat*" (fifty), says the isvostchik, shaking his head reproachfully. Without a word the officer turns on his heel and walks on.

"*Barin, barin*" (lord, lord), shouts the isvostchik after him, "*sorok*" (forty).

But the *Barin* takes no heed. The shrewd isvostchik takes a look around. If there is no other drozhki in sight he waits in patience, knowing that the officer will probably return. If, however, he catches a glimpse of another approaching, he whips up his horse and trots after his would-be fare, exclaiming, "*Pozhalst, pozhalst.*"

At the hotels, again, something like this bar-

gaining process must be repeated, though this time with a manager who probably speaks English and certainly French. In all the good hotels the price of each room, or *numero*, is fixed, and generally displayed on a card hanging on the bedroom wall along with the rules. But, by a curious coincidence, the manager always happens to think of the more expensive rooms in the first instance, and when he gets his bill the Innocent Abroad may be surprised to find that his bedroom has been costing him ten or twelve shillings a day. The best plan is to ask at the beginning for "a cheap room." In the best hotels there should be no difficulty in getting a single room at from R.2.25 to R.3, and there are others with lower charges.

As soon as the room has been fixed on the manager will ask for the visitor's passport. In order to have a room in a hotel in any Russian town it is absolutely essential to own a passport and to have it *vised* by the police. There is a passport office in each hotel, and the manager will take charge of it and see that the official form is duly gone through. So long as he is resident in the hotel the visitor need have no further anxiety about his passport. It will lie in the hotel office, where he can obtain it temporarily if he wishes to use it for the purpose of identification at *poste restante* or bank. Before

leaving Russia it is necessary to have the passport *vised* a second time by the police. Twenty-four hours' notice should be given to the manager of the hotel, and he will see that this is done.

A Russian hotel is a vast caravanserai, usually built round a great courtyard. In the case of the Hôtel de France there are two such courtyards, and the hotel buildings reach from Morskaya Street, in which is the principal entrance, to the Moika Canal, from which there is another entrance. The corridors are like streets, and the hotel seems capable of housing the whole population of a modest town. The Hôtel de l'Europe is most luxuriously fitted up, and has a more cosmopolitan air. One of the trials of hotel life in Russia is the number of tips one is expected to give, but one soon comes to recognise a scale in this matter, and, of course, the longer one stops in a place the smaller is the proportion which they occupy to the total bill. The hall porter is one of the most important personages in the hotel, and he can be of great assistance to the stranger by finding addresses, giving information about the chief sights, and hiring cabs. He has earned a rouble by the end of a week, or half a rouble after a stay of two days. These hall porters are men of high intelligence, usually speaking several languages, and some are known to have amassed considerable fortunes.

A hotel bedroom in Russia, as in Finland, is furnished with couch, chairs, table, and writing-desk. It serves, in fact, in place of the public reception room, which is not often to be found in hotels. Unless one has taken a suite of rooms visitors and clients are received in the bedroom, which is generally used by the business man as his office. In England it is expected that the visitor will at least breakfast in the hotel, but there is no such implied obligation in Russia. The habits of the country are different. It is not customary to take breakfast (*zaftrak*) till about noon. A cup of coffee and a roll on rising is all that is considered necessary. A substantial breakfast, however, may be obtained in the hotel if desired. There are numerous excellent restaurants throughout the town.

After having obtained a lodgment, the first thing the visitor desires to do is to obtain a general view of the town. The best plan is to walk right up to the end of the Nevski Prospect to where the graceful, needle-like spire of the Admiralty rises above the gilded dome. This is the true centre of St. Petersburg, and from it radiate the three main streets—the Nevski Prospect, *Gorokhovaya Ulitsa* (or Pease Street), and *Voznesenski* (or Resurrection) Prospect. Three canals—the Moika, the Ekaterinski, and the Fontanka—cut across these streets

in concentric semicircles, having the Neva for diameter. These three streets and canals determine the whole plan of the town. The streets are of three kinds, *Prospekt*, *Ulitsa*, and *Pereulok* (Prospect, Street, and Cross Street), in diminishing degrees of importance. At the end of the Nevski, on the northern side, opens out the great Palace Square (*Dvortsovaya Ploshchad*) with the lofty granite column of Alexander I. in the centre. The river frontage is occupied by the Winter Palace (*Zimni Dvorets*), and, beyond it, the Hermitage (*Ermitazh*).

During the Napoleonic wars Russia advanced to the position of the greatest Power on the European continent, and the great monument to Alexander I. represents the victory of the Monarchical and Pontifical principle against Republican and Atheistical France. It is one of the few works of modern time which rank with the mighty monuments of Egypt. The pillar, 84 feet long by 14 feet in diameter, was carved from a single block of granite. Originally it was 18 feet longer, but it was shortened for safety. The weight of this stone is estimated at 400 tons, and the problem of erecting it was solved in an ingenious manner by M. Montferand, the architect of St. Isaac's Cathedral, in 1832. He had a spiral or corkscrew scaffolding erected, up which the shaft of stone was rolled in such

a manner that while one end was gradually raised the other remained at its original level. The enormous weight was thus brought to the perpendicular without any shock. The pedestal is another granite monolith about 25 feet square. The capital, supporting an angel with a cross, is of bronze cast from cannon captured from the Turks. The total height of the monument is 154 feet 9 inches. Unfortunately the severe climate has developed a flaw in the granite, and a crack may be seen extending from the top nearly half-way down the pillar.

From Palace Square a long, well-wooded promenade, or garden, *Alexandrovski Sad*, stretches the whole length of the Admiralty, parallel to the Neva, as far as St. Isaac's Cathedral. In front of the cathedral, a good distance from it, and facing the river, stands the famous equestrian statue of Peter the Great, mounted on a huge boulder. This monument was, as the inscription shows, erected by Catherine II. The curt antithesis of the inscription, in Latin, *Petro Primo Catharina Secunda*, and in the equally epigrammatic Russian, *Petru Pervomu Ekaterina Vtoraya*,¹ conveys a flattering compliment to Catherine herself. Peter is represented on a rearing horse, gazing out over the Neva, and stretching forth his hand as if to grasp the consummation of his ambition. The

¹ To Peter the First by Catherine the Second.

horse tramples upon an adder, which typifies the enemies and difficulties he overcame. The rearing horse is skilfully balanced upon its hind legs and the tail, into which 10,000 lbs. of iron have been cast to adjust the centre of gravity. The great boulder which serves as pedestal was discovered eight miles away, near the village of Lakhta, on the shore of the Gulf of Finland. A special road was built with iron tramways, and special bridges across the Neva, and along this road the boulder was rolled on cannon-balls, hundreds of men and horses being employed on the task. Originally it measured 45 feet long, 30 high, and 25 broad, as large as a house, but the sculptor has reduced its bulk by a third, and the cutting was performed so unskilfully that it split into two fragments, which are now fitted together.

The statue of Peter the Great faces the river which is walled in by a massive embankment of granite. To the left is the "English Quay," *Angliskaya Naberezhnaya*, and to the right, in front of the Admiralty, the "Admiralty Quay," while farther up, in front of the Winter Palace, the Hermitage, and a whole row of grand ducal palaces, the embankment is known as "Palace Quay." Opposite are the numerous islands which form the delta of the Neva. Immediately opposite the Admiralty is Basil Island (*Vassili Ostroff*), the commercial and shipping quarter. Farther



STATUE OF PETER THE GREAT: At St. Petersburg

up, opposite the Palace, is Petersburg Island, the oldest part of the town, with the Fortress Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, whose fine spire is the most conspicuous feature of the river front. Small steamers ply up and down the Neva and among the islands on which are many beautiful parks and gardens. Numerous bridges connect the islands with one another and with the mainland. From between the Admiralty and the Winter Palace, a bridge (*Dvortsovi Most*) runs across to the corner of Vassili Ostroff, from which it is continued across another branch of the river to Peterburgski Ostroff. In this corner of Vassili Ostroff is situated the Exchange (*Birzha*), between which and the bridge rise two massive columns decorated with the prows of ships, and dedicated to Mercury. From the end of the Palace Quay, just at the British Embassy, another bridge, the *Troitski Most*, runs across to the Fortress Church of St. Peter and St. Paul. Behind the Embassy is the *Champ de Mars*, and beyond it the Summer Garden (*Lyetni Sad*), a favourite promenade and playground.

The Nevski Prospect is the pride and boast of St. Petersburg. Its praises have been sung all over the world, and its name is as familiar as is that of Regent Street or of Piccadilly. The patriotic Russian believes that nothing can exceed the grandeur of the buildings, the opulence and

luxury of the shops, or the smartness of the people who throng this famous street. As a matter of fact the Nevski is not particularly Russian in character. Its prototype may be seen in many a great city of Western Europe. The buildings and the contents of the shops might almost have been transported direct from London, Paris, or Berlin.

The resemblance to Berlin is more complete than to the other towns, for the architects who built St. Petersburg were either Germans or received their inspiration from Germany. The uninspired copying of classical and Renaissance forms has produced long, regular, and rather monotonous frontages. Stucco and plaster are universal, not boldly avowing itself as such, but ruled and squared into a miserable counterfeit of dressed stone. This material suffers badly from the severe winters, and during the summer months it is continually under repair. The Admiralty spire at the west end redeems the perspective from absolute banality, and the wide sweeping colonnades of the Kazan Cathedral on the south side afford a most welcome rest to the eyes. At one point the fantastic Oriental towers and cupolas of the Alexander II. Memorial Church come into view, but they seem to belong to quite another world from the prim German houses which line the Nevski. We must look elsewhere than in the

Nevski for the architectural monuments of St. Petersburg.

In one feature, however, the Nevski is absolutely unique. Nowhere else can there be seen so cosmopolitan a crowd as that which throngs its pavements. Every nationality and almost every costume of Europe and Asia is represented. Ladies in exquisite Parisian toilettes, and "Elegants" who might have stepped from Bond Street or Hyde Park, officers in smart uniforms, and fierce-looking Cossacks and Circassians, peasant women with kerchiefs over their heads, and mujiks in their red shirts, priests with long hair falling over their shoulders and strange frocks and broad-brimmed hats—all combine to make the Nevski such a sight as will long remain in the memory of the visitor. The varied procession hardly ceases by night. At midnight the street is as busy as at noon. At 2 A.M. the traffic shows little sign of slackening. The pavements are crowded and noisy, and innumerable drozhkis roll swiftly along, some noiselessly on the strip of wood, others clattering over the cobbles. In the short summer nights it is never dark, and the contrast between the hot fevered life of the street and the soft, tender, almost benignant light of the morning is a startling one. The restaurants keep open till three o'clock, and, with hardly an interval, the workpeople are going about their morning tasks.

A walk along the Nevski is a serious consideration, for it is nearly three miles in length. From the Admiralty to the Nicholas, or Moscow, Railway Station it extends a distance of two miles in a perfectly straight line, almost due east and west, then it inclines slightly towards the south for another mile. The fashionable quarter, however, is comprised in the first mile, from the Admiralty to the Anitchkoff Bridge over the Fontanka Canal. The best shops are on the north side. This mile is divided into three parts by the canals Moika and Ekaterininski. From the Admiralty to the *Politseiski* (Police) Bridge across the Moika, the chief features of interest are the two "marine" streets, *Malaya* (Little) *Morskaya*, lately rechristened Gogol Street, and *Bolshaya* (Great) *Morskaya*, branching off to the right, the latter being continued on the left, through a great archway, into Palace Square. Great *Morskaya* is a favourite shopping street, and contains the headquarters of many of the great banking and insurance houses. The English book-shop (Watkins) is at the end of *Morskaya* Street, near St. Isaac's Cathedral. Between the Moika and the Ekaterininski Canals the principal feature is the Church of Our Lady of Kazan, on the right-hand side, built like St. Peter's of Rome, with a fine colonnade sweeping like a crescent on either side. Almost opposite, between *Bolshaya Konyushennaya*

and *Malaya Konyushennaya* ("Great Stable" and "Little Stable") Streets, is the Lutheran Church. These streets take their name from the Royal Stables. A few doors along *Bolshaya Konyushennaya*, on the left, is the *Medved* (Bear) Restaurant, very luxuriantly appointed, but usually closed during the summer months. Opposite is an inconspicuous little restaurant, *La Grave*, down in the basement, kept by an elderly Frenchman, where a very well-cooked and comfortable dinner can be obtained *à la carte*.

The Ekaterininski Canal is crossed by the Kazan Bridge. Looking up the canal, towards the north, the vividly coloured and fantastically shaped cupolas and minarets of the Memorial Church of the martyred Emperor Alexander II. may be seen piercing the sky. This bright patch of colour and form strikes the true Oriental note. A few steps farther on the Roman Catholic Church of St. Catherine is passed upon the left. Women may often be seen praying upon the steps. The space in front of this church is a great meeting-place for the Poles on Sundays, and crowds remain gossiping there long after the service has concluded. The high tower with the strange mast and rigging, upon the right, is a fire-tower. A watchman paces the gallery night and day, and should a fire break out, its exact position in the city is indicated by means of lights by

night and large metal balls by day. These towers are a striking feature of every Russian city. Next the tower, standing by itself, with a street running down each side of it, is a tiny chapel, the shrine of a famous Ikon. Pedestrians stop at this shrine and cross themselves with many obeisances, and it is always filled with the Faithful burning candles before the Ikon.

Here, still on the right, commences the *Gostinni Dvor*, the great miscellaneous bazaar or market of St. Petersburg. It occupies the whole block between *Perinaya Ulitsa* (Feather-bed Street) and *Sadovaya Ulitsa* (Garden Street), and it extends backwards fully half a kilometre. The *Gostinni Dvor* is a feature of every Russian town. It consists of a large range of buildings, the ground floor of which is occupied by small shops, while there is usually a gallery of similar shops above. Russian goods chiefly are sold, and the variety is confusing. The shops are roughly grouped together, according to the class of goods they deal in. Along the frontage in *Perinaya Street* are found furs, silks, drapery, boots and shoes, feather goods, and articles of clothing. The *Nevski frontage* is chiefly occupied with shops dealing in books, music, stationery, carved wood, basket-work, and fancy goods generally. *Sadovaya Street* abounds in jewellery, ironmongery, ikons, samovars, and drugs. Hours and hours

may be spent exploring this great market. Farther down Sadovaya Street, on the opposite side, there are two other markets, the *Marynski Rynok* and the *Apraxin Dvor*, in the latter of which old china, silver, and articles of *virtu* may often be picked up.

But this has carried us on a little too rapidly. Directly opposite Perinaya Street, on the north side of the Nevski, is *Michailovskaya Ulitsa*, running into the square of the same name. The magnificently decorated and furnished Hôtel de l'Europe is situated on the left side of this street. The farther side of *Michailovskaya* Square is occupied by the Alexander III. Musée, a picture-gallery devoted to the works of Russian artists. A few steps along the Nevski, facing the Gostinni Dvor, is the Armenian Church. So many varieties of religion are represented by the churches along the Nevski that it has gained the name of "Toleration Street." Still farther along is the *Passage*, a kind of Burlington Arcade, abounding in pretty trinkets and souvenir.

From Sadovaya Street to the Fontanka Canal the right side of the Nevski is occupied by the Imperial Public Library, Alexander Square, and the Anitchkoff Palace. The *Imperatorskaya Publichnaya Biblioteka* is one of the largest and most valuable libraries in Europe, enriched, as it has been, with the spoils of Russian wars in Europe

and Asia. Many of the most precious of the State archives of France, dispersed during the great Revolution, and picked up by the collector Peter Dubrovski for a small price, now repose here. The collection of ancient Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Persian, Arabic, Oriental, and Slavonic manuscripts is unsurpassed, and comprises many of earlier date than can be found elsewhere. Of special interest to British visitors are the letters from Mary Queen of Scots to the King of France, and a missal with manuscript notes and reflections on her fate by the same unhappy lady. There is a large reading-room, which is annually visited by over twelve thousand readers, and a newspaper-room for Russian and foreign papers. The reading-room is open daily from 10 A.M. to 9 P.M. Visitors are shown over the library on Tuesdays and Sundays.

The centre of Alexander Square, adjacent to the library, is occupied by the monument to Catherine II., erected in 1873. The base consists of enormous blocks of Finnish granite from the shores of Lake Ladoga. The bronze statue of the Empress stands on a pedestal, on the sides of which are represented, in high relief, the principal statesmen of her reign, and Princess Voronzoff Dashkoff, who was the first President of the Academy of Arts, and from whose Memoirs we learn much of the inner history of that period.

Across the square, on the south side, is seen the Alexander Theatre, founded in 1832, in which Russian comedies and dramas are represented. Between the square and the Fontanka Canal is the *Anitchkoff* Palace, an Imperial residence. The canal is crossed by the *Anitchkoff* Bridge, and on the other side, opposite the palace, is the residence of the Grand Duke Sergius. East of this Bridge the Nevski offers few features of interest, and the shops are of a somewhat dingy character.

The first and most enduring impression which the visitor to St. Petersburg receives is that he is in the presence of an autocracy. Quickly he begins to realise its true nature—how it overshadows everything, reaches everywhere, and has its roots deep in the physical structure of the country, and in the character and habits of the people. In St. Petersburg, everything that pertains to the Imperial power is built upon a massive scale. The streets are broad and give magnificent prospects. The squares are extended with a lavish hand, regardless of site values. The palaces are enormous. The churches, domed like the heavens and pillared like the firmament, blaze with Byzantine splendour. The colossal monuments, which are so frequently met with in the streets and squares, are frequently carved from a single stone. The river is embanked with titanic

blocks of hewn granite. Public institutions, museums, hospitals, libraries, theatres, stations, and show-places cover the earth on a scale undreamed of elsewhere. The streets, restaurants, gardens, theatres, and places of public resort swarm with officers and officials wearing the livery of the Tsar.

The capital of Russia is, in fact, a monstrosity, a thing not in nature, a creature of arbitrary and autocratic power, the product of some compelling energy. St. Petersburg was decreed, willed, and brought into existence, over two hundred years ago, by Peter the Great, and it is as truly his city to-day as it was when he founded it. Peter's life was a series of herculean labours. He resolved to Europeanise his people, and only on the shores of the Baltic could he find a clear waterway to connect his Empire with Western civilisation. The warlike Swedes, however, disputed with him the southern shores of the Baltic. Fighting his way northwards, he selected the site for his capital in the midst of the wild marshes at the mouth of the Neva. In 1703 he commenced to build the city. Wherever he built he could only find a foundation by driving piles deep into the oozing earth. This great city really stands upon stilts. When the Isaakovski Cathedral was rebuilt, 1819-58, it cost no less than £200,000 to make a foundation. But the conquest of nature

was the easiest part of Peter's task ; he had to conquer human nature also. He had not only to build a city but to find a population. From hundreds of miles around he drove the inhabitants into his new city. It was as if he had built his stables and drove his herds into them. His little finger was thicker than the loin of Ivan the Terrible. Ivan made them slaves, but Peter was an even severer tyrant—he civilised them ! His dead hand is still heavy upon them. Centuries after his death his creative will still prevails. The soft, easy, careless Slavonic nature still groans beneath his coercion. St. Petersburg, the city which is against nature, and which Russians do not love as they do Moscow, not only exists but grows.

Standing beside some of the monstrous monuments of power which abound throughout the city one feels the savagery of its inhuman greatness. The Pyramids, the Winged Bulls of Assyria, and the Monoliths of Stonehenge exhibit the same extravagance of power. This ostentatious affectation of omnipotence and eternity has its design, spiritual rather than physical. It is the visible symbol creating in the minds of an imaginative people a superstitious veneration for the power behind it, a fatalistic resignation, a deep sense of the futility of resistance and revolt. Many a general and governor who has fallen a victim to the revenge

of the revolutionists, has counted for less in the maintenance of the Autocracy than do the Colonnade of St. Isaac's, the Pillar of Alexander, and the riven boulder on which rests the statue of Peter the Great.

CHAPTER XVI

ST. PETERSBURG—*Continued*

WHAT TO SEE

St. Isaac's Cathedral—Overpowering Impression—The Granite Pillars—The Dome—The Interior—The Singing—The Worshippers—The Service—Kazan Cathedral—Alexander II. Memorial Church—Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul—Church of St. Peter and St. Paul—The Winter Palace—The Life of the Palace—The Crown Jewels—The Hermitage—The Art Collections—The Alexander Musée—The Taurida Palace (The Duma).

THE first visit in St. Petersburg should be paid to the *Isaakovski Sobor*, the great Cathedral of St. Isaac, whose golden dome is visible far out in the Gulf of Finland. As a work of architecture it is a magnificent monument of wealth, of power, and of art. The religious ceremonies and the crowds of worshippers within its walls give one the clue to the profoundest instincts of the Russian people. From the top of the dome a bird's-eye view may be obtained of the whole of St. Petersburg, which lies spread out like a map below.

The impression produced upon the beholder who approaches the cathedral is overpowering.

There is no petty ornament or elaborate tracery to distract his attention from the simplicity of its design and the sublime grandeur of its proportions. The majesty of inexorable law, the simplicity and directness of omnipotence, are expressed in those pillars which seem as if they might support the firmament. Gothic architecture expresses the yearning aspirations of the human mind, but this severely regular and all-perfect Byzantine breathes the very spirit of fatalism. Beside this great holy place of the Russians even the most irreligious must feel that he is in the presence of a mystery. Here, with almost incredible labour, man's hands have wrought in stone and bronze a visible expression of one of the most profound human instincts. In this shrine, which instinct inherited from myriads of ancestors has taught him to build, man knows that he is indeed a spirit, and holds communication with the unseen and the unknowable. For this church is the work of Man rather than of men. The building lasted over three reigns, and the cost exceeded three and a quarter millions sterling. Men were born after the first piles were driven, grew to manhood, reared families, and saw their grandchildren before the labour was completed. The builders, like the pyramid makers of Egypt, sought to defy time.

The cathedral stands upon a platform terraced with enormous slabs of Finnish granite. It is

built, after the Byzantine fashion, in the form of a Greek cross. On each side—north, south, east and west—is a magnificent portico consisting of a heavy bronze frieze and pediment with elaborate mouldings, supported by a peristyle of granite pillars, each hewn from a single stone. Altogether there are 112 pillars, each of which is 7 feet in diameter, 60 feet in height, and 128 tons in weight, and is surmounted by a Corinthian capital of bronze. Three men with outstretched arms could not embrace one of these pillars. From the midst of them rises the great central dome, supported by a circle of smaller pillars, small only in comparison with the giants below. High above the golden dome rises the massive golden cross, 336 feet above the ground, the Roman gibbet on which a Jewish peasant died nearly two thousand years ago. The sign of shame has become the chiefest glory of an Empire which, in its turn, persecutes the Jews.

One of the first things the visitor who wishes to acquaint himself with the topography of St. Petersburg should do is to ascend the dome of St. Isaac's. Guides will be found near the principal entrance, one of whom, for a fee of R1., will conduct a party up the narrow dark staircases which lead to the roof, and provide candles. From the little gallery which runs round the top of the dome the whole panorama of the town, with its wide "Prospects" and intersecting streets

and canals, of the broad Neva spanned by four bridges, of the delta with its many islands, and of the shores of the Gulf of Finland as far as Kronstadt, is revealed. Two cwts. of pure gold are said to have been used in gilding the dome and cross.

Within the cathedral not a ray of sunshine reaches the floor. It is lit from above. The rays of sunshine strike across the great vault of the dome, clearly and sharply defined, like swords of flame. The whole interior is richly decorated with malachite and lapis-lazuli, and the brilliant gold, blue, and crimson of Byzantine art. The panels of the dome and the walls are filled with pictures from the lives of the saints, and with sentences written in the ancient Slavonic language, which only the learned now understand. The use of "graven images" is considered idolatrous by the Orthodox Church, and therefore the representations of Christ and of the saints are confined to flat surfaces and bas-reliefs. Often the whole surface is of metal, richly gilt and jewelled, only the face and hands being painted in. These Ikons cost fabulous sums and are greatly venerated. Most worshippers have their favourites before which they burn candles. The inner sanctuary, the Holy of Holies, is guarded by ponderous doors which swing open during the service to allow the



ST. ISAAC'S CATHEDRAL : At St. Petersburg

priest to issue. In the background is a fine stained-glass window, representing the Ascension.

The cathedral is open for divine service daily from 6 to 8 A.M., from 10 to 12 A.M., from 4 to 6 P.M., and an hour later on Saturdays. Every one is free to enter. The service is conducted in the archaic Slavonic language, which is unintelligible to most of the worshippers. The appeal of the ritual is to the emotions and to the senses. The singing is very remarkable. Somewhere in the depths of the cavernous gloom a still, small voice pierces the silence, and mounts into the many-coloured dome. It is the spirit of Earth crying out in supplication across the Universe. Thrilling with exquisite modulations, it gradually swells in volume. Other voices join in. The reverberations of a low, deep bass roll through the incense-laden air. It seems the voice of chaos adoring the chastening and compelling hand of the Creator. Louder and louder the earthly music swells, like thunders and earthquakes, like the noise of many waters, and within it, and above it, that thin, piercing cry of supplication as of a soul struggling in bonds of flesh, the climax coming with a flood of divine melody and benediction.

During service the cathedral is crowded with worshippers of all classes and degrees. There are no pews, no reserved places, and no social

distinctions. The shaggy mujik, with his red shirt and his great untanned boots reaching to his knees, enters there on a footing of equality with grand nobles and the richly-dressed ladies. There is standing room for all. Half the congregation drop upon their knees and make obeisance till their foreheads touch the pavement. Many purchase candles and burn them before their favourite ikons as a symbol of their prayers. All keep making the sign of the cross throughout the service. With two fingers and thumb, to signify the Trinity, they touch first the forehead and the breast, and then the right and left shoulders. No one who has seen the Russian people at worship can doubt the extraordinary hold which their religion has upon them, and when it is remembered that the Tsar is the head of the Church, a Pope with the temporal as well as the spiritual power, it ceases to be a matter of surprise that the Autocracy has so long defied revolution.

The form of service is described by Professor H. Bishop in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" as follows:—

"Church service usually consists of the *Vozglass*, or call to worship; singing of psalms or hymns; the *Ektenia*, a series of prayers, mostly intoned, for the peace and union of

the Church and her chiefs, for the peace and union of the Christian Churches, and for every separate member of the Imperial family; the reading of the epistles and evangels; choral and part singing of unexampled harmony; a sermon, always in the common language, explaining the evangel read; prayers, preparing for the communion, and during which the priest prepares himself; the consecration of the elements, and the administration of the sacrament, which the clergyman takes every time, and the congregation at will; then thanksgiving for the sacrament, and parting benediction; the chanting and incense-burning throughout being frequent. Asperging with holy water is also used."

The Kazan Cathedral, which, with its crescent colonnade on each side of the main entrance, occupies a vast frontage on the Nevski Prospect, takes its name from a copy of the miracle-working ikon of the Holy Virgin, Our Lady of Kazan. The original ikon, which emerged unscathed from a great fire in 1579, is, according to one story, still to be seen in the cathedral in the town of Kazan on the Volga. A copy of it was taken to Moscow, to which is attributed the deliverance of Moscow from the Poles in 1613. Peter the Great carried this copy to his new capital, and it is now fixed

upon the *Ikonostas* of the cathedral. There are some, however, who claim that the Petersburg Ikon is the original and genuine one. It is richly crusted over with gold and jewels, the offerings of the Faithful, and its value is estimated at £15,000. It was before this ikon that General Kutuzoff prayed before setting out on the campaign which wrecked Napoleon's ambitions in 1812. After the campaign the Cossacks made an offering to Our Lady of Kazan of the spoils which they had taken from the French. The massive *Ikonostas*, or iron-screen, and the balustrade in front of it are composed of pure silver (nearly half a ton of it), melted down from the plate captured from the French. Much of it, however, was really Russian church plate, which the French had previously looted in the sack of Moscow and other towns in their line of march. General Kutuzoff's tomb is in the cathedral, and his statue, along with that of General Barclay de Tolly, whom he succeeded, decorates the font. The cathedral is very closely associated with the military triumphs of Russia in modern times. Numerous trophies are suspended from the pillars and displayed in the corners—the keys of Hamburg, Leipzig, Dresden, Rheims, Breda, and Utrecht, the truncheons of French Marshals, and numerous Turkish, Persian, and French colours, the latter only in glorious shreds.

One of the greatest disasters which Russia has suffered was the assassination of Alexander II., the Tsar-Liberator, by a bomb, in the year 1881. One Sunday, as he was returning from parade to the Winter Palace, a hand-grenade was thrown by a student called Russakoff, at a signal from Sophia Perovski, the daughter of a former Governor of St. Petersburg, who dropped her handkerchief. The sledge was wrecked and some members of the escort were injured, but the Emperor was unhurt. Alexander got out and was proceeding to assist the injured when a second bomb was thrown by a youth called Grinevitski, and he was mortally injured. The wounded Tsar was carried unconscious to the Winter Palace, where he died almost immediately. By this outrage the Revolutionaries only succeeded in inflicting a crushing blow to the cause of constitutional reform in Russia. On the spot where Alexander fell, on the bank of the Ekaterininski Canal, over the paving stones stained with his blood, a magnificent memorial church has been erected, in the most characteristic Russian style, with a fantastic array of brilliantly coloured domes and cupolas. The Church of the Resurrection, dedicated to the memory of the Royal Martyr, is one of the most splendid sights in St. Petersburg. The work of decorating it never seems to be ended. In the Royal lapidary works

at Ekaterinburg, in the Urals, workmen are still employed cutting and polishing granite, marble, and precious stones for this shrine. Many of them have been employed for years upon a single stone.

On the opposite side of the river from Palace Quay there rises, like a golden needle, the delicately tapering spire of the Fortress Church of St. Peter and St. Paul. This spire is 302 feet in height, and is surmounted by an angel and a cross. In 1830 a peasant undertook to climb the slender shaft and execute some necessary repairs. With the help of a rope and some hooks he accomplished the task. He drove in one hook as high as he could reach, threw the rope over it, and hoisted himself up, then drove in another hook and repeated the operation till he reached the top, an expedient which he had doubtless practised on many a lofty pine. The fortress occupies the whole of a little island, separated from Peterburg Island by a canal, and connected with the Palace Quay by the *Troitski* Bridge. It was founded by Peter the Great himself in 1703, and the fortifications were built by an Italian architect, Tressini, whom he imported. On the opposite side of the canal, surrounded by the Alexander Park, is the ancient arsenal. In addition to the church the fortress contains the Mint, and it serves as one of the

chief state prisons. Here Alexis, the eldest son of Peter the Great, mysteriously died after he had been visited by his stern father. It was rumoured that he had been put to the torture.

The Fortress Church has been the burial-place of all the Tsars with one exception (Peter II.), and of many members of the Imperial family, from the time when St. Petersburg became the capital. The tombs are very simple and unostentatious. Like the Kazan Cathedral, and more appropriately on account of its site, this church abounds in military trophies, French eagles, Turkish crescents, Persian suns, curiously worked truncheons of Turkish commanders, and strange keys from Oriental fortresses. Numerous personal relics of Peter the Great are to be seen. Several of the utensils of wood and ivory used in the church service were turned by him on his lathe. A large ivory candelabrum, skilfully carved, shows his marvellous versatility. Within the fortress, also, is preserved the boat on which Peter received his first lessons in seamanship. He discovered this boat, when a boy, in an out-house on his grandfather's estate, and his interest was excited by the statement of a Dutch companion that it could sail against the wind. He had it rigged up, and spent many hours tacking in it and learning the elements of navigation. This old boat is truly called "the grandfather

of the Russian Navy." On Peterburg Island, just above the fortress, is situated the little wooden cottage which Peter had built for himself in 1703, and in which he lived while he was planning his new capital. It has been carefully preserved, and is open to visitors daily from 8 A.M. to 7 P.M. This dwelling, which contains many traces of his habits and manifold activities, is eloquent of the rude simplicity in which the great despot lived.

The Winter Palace (*Zimni Dvorets*) is the chief Imperial residence, and was, in time past, the centre of the life of St. Petersburg. It is a vast building near the Admiralty, facing the Neva on the one side, and, on the other, the broad Palace Square with the pillar of Alexander I. In the time of Peter the Great his chief Admiral, Count Apraxin, had a house on this site. The Empress Anne chose it for her residence and had it rebuilt. Catherine II. held her brilliant and luxurious Court here, and made the palace a storehouse of treasures of art. The whole building, however, and its contents were destroyed by a disastrous fire in 1837. The present costly structure was erected in 1839. The general public are not now admitted to view the palace, but the privilege is generally accorded to travellers with an introduction from their ambassador.

Mr. J. G. Kohl, a German resident in St. Petersburg at the beginning of the nineteenth century, gives a lively picture of the life at the palace at the time of the great fire:—

“It is a question whether, since the burning of Persepolis, so many and so costly treasures of human skill and industry ever evaporated in smoke in the space of six hours. The most glorious and prosperous reigns, the sumptuous Courts of Elizabeth and Catherine, the more tasteful of Alexander and Nikolai, had been for nearly a century engaged in their accumulation. The conflagration of this single edifice must have had and still have an extraordinary influence on the industry and ingenuity of Petersburg; for millions must be expended to restore all that is lost. The prosperity of many a family, many a large property, nay, many a new branch of industry, have arisen, phoenix-like, from the ashes of the Winter Palace, and this fire forms an epoch in the history of the city. Some families date from it their diplomas and titles, their advancement and prosperity; others their fall and dismissal.

The suites of apartments in the Winter Palace were real labyrinths, and it was said

no fewer than six thousand persons dwelt in them. Even the minister of the Imperial household, who had been twelve years in his office, is reported not to have been perfectly acquainted with all the parts of the edifice. As in the forests of extensive landed estates in Russia colonists frequently settle unnoticed for years by the proprietors, so this palace harboured many an interloper who was not entered in the list of the regular inmates.

The watchmen on the roofs, who were posted there for various purposes, among others to fill the reservoirs set up there, and to keep the water in them constantly thawed by throwing into it red-hot balls, built themselves huts between the chimneys, like *châlets* upon an Alp, fetched up their wives and children, and even kept poultry there and goats, which browsed the grass growing upon the roof; nay, it is asserted that even cows once found their way up, but a stop was put to this abuse some time before the fire.

The domestic life of those six thousand persons, representing, under one and the same roof, all possible forms of personality, from the meanest scullion and stable-boy to the mightiest of potentates, all those elegant

officers, those bearded coachmen, those be-dizened court-ladies, those cooks dressed in white, those attendants with salaries high and low, would afford subjects for many of the most interesting descriptions, and for a distinct work on the topography and statistics of this remarkable community, only it might be difficult to obtain the necessary data."

The numerous rooms and halls of the palace are crowded with historical pictures and portraits, with sumptuous furniture, plate, and articles of *virtu*. In striking contrast is the severe simplicity of the personal apartment of Nicholas I. and Alexander II., which have been preserved just as they left them. Of most general interest is the collection of crown jewels, including the famous Orloff diamond, the greatest in Europe, mounted on the Imperial sceptre. This jewel has a long and bloody history, the beginnings of which are lost in a mist of Asiatic legend. According to one legend, it and the Koh-i-nor, now in the possession of the British Crown, are both fragments of one monster diamond. Another story has it that these two diamonds once formed the eyes of a lion of gold which stood before the throne of the Grand Mogul at Delhi. The two diamonds are constantly confused in these legends. The

authentic history of the Russian jewel commences with its purchase by a ship's captain in India from a sepoy for 2000 guineas. He, in turn, sold it to a Jew for 12,000 guineas. Finally it came into the hands of an Armenian, Lazareff, who made his fortune by selling it to Count Orloff for 450,000 roubles, an annuity of 2000 roubles and a title. Count Orloff presented it to Catherine II. Its weight is $193\frac{3}{4}$ carats. The other jewels, crowns, coronets, plumes, and necklaces are most magnificent and costly.

Adjoining the palace on the bank of the Neva is the Hermitage, containing one of the richest art collections in the world. On this spot Catherine II. built a small pavilion to which she could retire from the cares of State and enjoy the society of her favourite philosophers, literati, and artists. Hence the name of "Hermitage," which contrasts strangely with the present magnificence. Gradually she added to the building until a veritable temple of the muses arose. Here she founded a mock Republic of Art, with a constitution which enjoined every visitor to leave his or her rank or precedence at the door. The last rule was:—

"Tell no tales out of school: whatever goes in at one ear must go out at the other before leaving the room."

And any breach of this rule was punished by permanent exclusion. The Hermitage was rebuilt by a German architect in the Greek style in 1840. The principal entrance in *Millionnaya* Street, off Palace Square, is protected by a magnificent portico supported by caryatides of polished grey granite 22 feet high. It is open daily to the general public all the year round except July and August (old style). During these two months, however, travellers with passports can generally obtain admission between 11 A.M. and 3 P.M. Catalogues in French may be obtained in the vestibule.

It would require a whole library to describe the treasures of the Hermitage. The ground floor is devoted to a museum of early sculpture, and of Greek, Scythian, and Siberian antiquities. Innumerable exquisite vases, ornaments, and objects of archaic culture have been discovered in tombs and excavations on the sites of ancient Greek colonies along the shores of the Black Sea. The wild Scythians are often depicted on these ornaments, and it is interesting to note that the dress of the Russian peasant to-day, his shirt outside his trousers and his trousers tucked into his boots, has hardly changed at all from that of his pre-historic ancestors. The picture-galleries, the numismatic collection, and the gems are on the upper floor. They contain the cream of

many famous collections throughout Europe now broken up. Some of the best of Lord Walpole's famous collection at Houghton Hall, now scattered over Europe, found their way here. In his great campaigns Napoleon looted many of the collections of Germany and Austria, and after the occupation of Paris in 1814 they passed into the hands of the Russian Tsar, not altogether to the satisfaction of their original owners. The Dutch, Flemish, Italian, and Spanish schools are represented by superb examples of the great masters, Raphael, Titian, Da Vinci, Rembrandt, Rubens, Velasquez, and many others. Among the British pictures is "The Infant Hercules strangling the Serpents," by Reynolds.

But the purely Russian pictures will probably be of even greater interest to the visitor. The Alexander Musée, in Michael Square (*Michaelovskaya Ploshtchad*), approached from the Nevski by Michael Street (*Michaelovskaya Ulitsa*), contains a very complete collection of the work of Russian artists. It is open to the public daily. The whole course of the development of Russian art, from the archaic Byzantine painting of the ikons up to the extreme of modern impressionism, which, in some cases, affects a primitive simplicity, may be traced here. The early Court painters were Italian, and their influence is very pronounced in numerous large historical and religious pictures.

Later, Dutch and French influence made themselves felt, and resulted in many lively genre subjects. Of the former class Bruni's "Brazen Serpent" and Bruloff's "Last Day of Pompeii," are good examples; of the latter the humorous marriage ceremony episodes of Djuravleff, Makovski, and Thedotoff, and the very vigorous picture by Ryepin, representing the "Cossacks Composing a Letter of Defiance to the Turkish Sultan," of which copies are to be found in every print shop. The religious pictures of Ge show the introduction of a marked realistic note. The famous sea-painter, Aivazovski, is represented by nine canvases, including "The Deluge," "The Ninth Wave," and "The Creation of the World." His works display a wonderful power of imagination and theatrical effect. In the modern section there are many delightful representations of typical Russian landscapes. It is particularly rich in examples of Verestchagin, the artist who perished on one of the warships at Port Arthur during the Russo-Japanese War. He depicted almost every aspect of Russian scenery, from the dreary steppes of Siberia to the snow-clad peaks of the frosty Caucasus. His series of pictures illustrating Napoleon's disastrous Moscow Campaign have been exhibited in London. Borisoff's pictures of Arctic scenery have also been exhibited in London. Some delightful pictures by the

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Finnish artists Edelfelt and Jernefelt may also be seen.

Now that it has become the home of the Imperial Duma, the Taurida Palace has awakened from its long sleep and has become a centre of national interest. This palace is situated in *Shpalernaya Ulitsa*, about two miles north of the Nevski Prospect. It was built by Catherine II. in 1783 for her favourite, Prince Potemkin, after his conquest of the Crimea, and it takes his name, *Tavrisheski Dvorets*, from the province of *Tavrida*, or Taurida, to which the Crimea belongs. That magnificent courtier, Potemkin, who really ruled Russia, used to entertain his Royal Mistress here on the most extravagant scale. At his "housewarming" the palace was lighted by 140,000 lamps and 20,000 candles. An express messenger had to be despatched to Moscow to replenish St. Petersburg's supply of wax. To another of his Arabian Nights' feasts Catherine expressed the wish to drive in a sledge. It was the height of summer, but Potemkin is said to have humoured her whim by having the whole way to his palace strewn with white sugar, over which the flattered Empress was driven in her sledge. After his death the palace passed back into the possession of the Crown, and it was frequently used as a residence for foreign princes visiting Russia. The Emperor Paul degraded it to a barrack, and later

it became a retreat for superannuated ladies of the Court. On the institution of the Imperial Duma in 1905 it was allocated as a place of assembly, and since that date it has been both the birth-place and the tomb of many high hopes. The palace is surrounded by a well laid out garden, the southern portion of which, the *Tavrisheski Sad*, is occupied by a theatre, tea-rooms, and numerous shows, after the style of Earl's Court Exhibition.

These are but the chief sights in St. Petersburg. There are innumerable other churches, monasteries, palaces, museums, and public institutions. But the visitor who has only a week or so to stay will find that more than enough has been described to occupy his full attention.

XVII

ST. PETERSBURG—*Continued*

AMUSEMENTS AND EXCURSIONS

Eating and Drinking—The *Zakuska*—Soups—Meats—Wine and Beer—Hotels and Restaurants—Theatres and “Gardens”—“The Islands”—A Visit to Yelagin—The Environs—Peterhoff—The Palace—The Park—Tsarskoye Selo—Palace and Park—The Care of the Gardens—Pavlovsk—Voyage up the Neva—Schlüsselburg—The Traveller.

THE question, “What we shall eat and what we shall drink,” plays an important part in the lives of Russians. The menu which is handed to one in the larger restaurants generally resembles a small edition of the Civil Service Stores catalogue. Probably no nation in the world has contrived to crowd so many dishes into a single dinner. The variety of these dishes is endless, and many of them taste very strangely to English palates.

The *zakuska* corresponds to the *smörgåsbord* of Finland and of Scandinavia. It is a glorified *hors d'œuvre*, though whether it is a magnificent development of the meagre relish which we receive under that name, or whether the *hors d'œuvre* is a degenerate descendant, I am unable to say. On

a side table in the dining-room are set out a large number of dishes calculated to tickle the palate, together with a number of bottles containing *vodka* and liqueurs of various flavour. Numerous kinds of smoked and cured fish appear—salmon, sturgeon, and marinated herring. The salads are usually composed of fish, hard-boiled eggs, salted cucumbers, and onions. But the centre dish, the king of all, is the *ikra*, or fresh caviar, the roe of the sturgeon from the Volga. In England we only know this caviar in its salted and pressed condition, and have little conception how rare a delicacy it is in its native country. Cheese, in Russia, comes before instead of after dinner. The black rye bread, with its sourish flavour, thickly spread with rich butter, makes a delicious accompaniment to these dishes. The temptation to the foreigner to complete his dinner at the *zakuska* table is strong; the Russian, however, merely lays a foundation for the grand superstructure that is to follow.

The favourite soup in Russia is made of cabbage, and foreigners generally find it excellent. It forms the staple food of the mass of the people. There are two varieties of cabbage soup, *shtchi* and *borsch*. Pieces of meat are boiled with the cabbage and vegetables and are served along with the soup. Thick sour cream is also served separately, and the addition of a spoonful to the soup

adds both to its nutritious value and to the delicacy of its flavour. Fish soups are also very popular, and among the best may be mentioned *ukha*. In many of the chief restaurants it is usual to have a large glass tank in the dining-room containing live fish. The true Russian gourmand is very particular about his fish, and he likes to see it alive beforehand and fished out of the tank by the cook. An excellent soup is made out of mushrooms (*gribui*). It requires an educated palate to appreciate *okroshka*, a cold soup to which Russians are very partial in summer. It is made of a kind of small beer called *kvas*, and contains a variety of substances from the *zakuska* table, raw fish and ham cut into small cubes, cucumber, and other greens, salad, sliced lemon, cranberries, and some lumps of ice. To the novice it is a weird experience, but those who are familiar with it profess to enjoy it. With all soups little pies (*piroki*) containing fish or meat are served.

Roast pork (*svinina*) and roast mutton (*baran*) are usually served with *kasha*, or buckwheat fried in the gravy, resembling in consistency the contents of a Scotch haggis. Beef is not to be relied on. It is usually very coarse, and Russian cooks have not yet mastered the art of roasting it to suit the English taste. But the veal is first class, and veal cutlets (*telyatchie kotleti*) are a favourite dish. *Pojarskie kotleti* are made of chicken. The

Tartar dish (*shashlik*) frequently makes its appearance on Russian tables. It consists of a number of small slices of mutton and fat bacon skewered alternately and roasted before the fire. If roast chicken (*tsiplyonok*) be ordered the whole bird is served. There are little more than two mouthfuls on it, one on each breast. Partridge (*kuropatka*), grouse (*ryabchik*), and blackcock (*tetereva*), on the other hand, are very plump, and seem to have led much more prosperous lives than the domestic birds. For salad the little salted cucumbers known as *ogurtsi* are served along with the birds.

Many good native wines are produced from the vineyards of Bessarabia, the Crimea, and the Caucasus. The price of these wines is very moderate, but the fashionable Russian affects the high-priced foreign brands of France, Spain, and Portugal. *Vodka* corresponds to the *bränvin* of the Scandinavians, a raw spirit not very agreeable to the English palate. The beer (*pivo*) mostly drunk is a kind of light lager. *Kvas* is a light fermented liquor resembling stone-ginger. It is made from barley and honey, and is very refreshing in summer. It forms the staple of many of the soups. There are various varieties of *kvas* according as apples, raspberries, or other berries enter into its composition. The common distinction is white (*byeli*) and red (*krasni*) *kvas*. Mead, made from honey, is a genuine old Sla-

vonie drink still popular. *Mors*, made from the juice of cranberries, is an innocent and cooling beverage.

A *table d'hôte* lunch (*zaftrak*) and dinner (*obyed*) are served in the chief hotels and restaurants at prices running from 75 copecks to 2 roubles. It is a mistake to think that living is dear in Russia. It is really very moderate, unless one indulges in expensive foreign wines, delicacies like caviar, and hot-house fruits. Many English journalists are in the habit of lunching at the Hôtel de France, which they use as a kind of club. The chief restaurants are the *Donon*, on Moika Canal, where it is crossed by a bridge near the Hermitage; *Contant*, also on the Moika, near where it is crossed by Gorokhovaya Street; *Cubat*, in Bolshaya Morskaya Street, not far from the Nevski; and the *Medvyed* or "Bear," in Bolshaya Konyushennaya. These first-class restaurants are generally run by Frenchmen or Germans. More typically native menus will be found at the *Malo Yaraslavets*, next to the Hôtel de France, and at *Palkin's* in the Nevski. Numerous other good restaurants are to be found scattered throughout the town and at all places of public entertainment, especially the summer gardens and theatres. Many people who know St. Petersburg well resort regularly to a very modest little dining-room, *La Grave*, in Bolshaya Konyushennaya, opposite the

Medvedy, which professes to supply only Bessarabian wines.

The theatres proper in St. Petersburg are closed during the summer, from May to August. They are largely supported by subsidies from the State, and the ballet consists of girls from the Foundling Institute, trained at the expense of the State. During the summer months variety entertainments are given in a large number of "Gardens" scattered throughout the city and the islands. There is usually an enclosed theatre, an open-air stage, a promenade, and a restaurant. They keep open to a very late hour, and the company is somewhat mixed. The best known are the Zoological Garden (*Zoologitcheski Saa*), near the fortress of Peter and Paul; the Aquarium (*Akvarium*), on the same island; *Arcadia*, on the other side of the delta of the Neva; and the *Krestovski*, on the island of the same name. The two latter are best reached by steamer from the quay at the Summer Garden (*Lyetni Sad*). The voyage along the winding channel in the soft, summer twilight is a very pleasant one. The *Nemetti* is situated in Ofitershaya Street, near the mouth of the Neva, and the Theatre Bouffe and Garden (*Teatr Boufi Sad*) on the bank of the Fontanka Canal. There are two places of public entertainment which are subsidised by the State in order that they may provide a cheap form of recreation

divorced from the evils of the drink traffic. The People's Palace (*Narodni Dom*), on Peterburg Island, and the *Tavritcheski Sad* at the Taurida Palace, charge only a few copecks for admission. Excellent music is provided, and no alcoholic beverages are served at the restaurants. Good Russian Opera can be heard at the *Narodni Dom*. Crowds of people resort to these institutions during the evening, but unfortunately few of the working class, for whom they were primarily intended. It is the middle class who have profited.

The real pleasure ground of St. Petersburg is on "The Islands." There many of the wealthy citizens have their *datchi* or summer residences; there are the favourite drives, parks, and gardens of the people. The islands, which form the delta of the Neva, are connected by numerous bridges, and it is possible to reach any one of them by *drozhki* or tram-car. Steamers ply upon the Great and the Little Neva and their smaller branches, and provide a pleasant means of exploring the islands and admiring the picturesque villas which line their wooded banks. The two chief islands adjoining the main part of the town, *Vassili Ostroff* and *Peterburgski Ostroff*, are now completely covered with houses. North of them lies a group of four islands distinguished as Apothecaries' Island (*Aptekarski Ostroff*), Stone

Island (*Kammeni Ostroff*), Cross Island (*Krestovski Ostroff*), and *Yelagin* Island. These four islands are singled out as "The Islands," and when a Petersburger says he is going "to spend the summer in the Islands," or "to make a party to the Islands," he means that he is going to one of these. The islands are beautifully wooded and laid out in walks and drives. On *Yelagin* there is an Imperial residence, and the island is laid out as a royal park in the English style. In the summer evenings the drive round the *Strelka* or point of this island is crowded with promenaders and sight-seers, and is quite the most fashionable resort in St. Petersburg. *Krestovski*, with its open-air theatre and garden, is a popular resort for those in search of amusement. *Kammeni Ostroff* contains numerous large summer villas with an extraordinary variety of fanciful and picturesque architecture. The Botanic Gardens are in the eastern corner of *Aptekarski Ostroff*. There is thus plenty of variety, and the visitor will not regret devoting one day to exploring the beautiful Island Gardens of St. Petersburg.

Mr. J. G. Kohl, a German resident, writing in 1843, draws a picture of an excursion to The Islands which is still true in most of its details, save that the means of locomotion are now more highly developed :—

“The Petersburg Islands . . . have their own peculiar charms, and moreover their days of beauty; so that those who wish to see them in their best point of view should visit them at the proper time and under the proper circumstances. Above all things let a pedestrian excursion to the Islands be avoided. They must not be visited like the Berlin Menagerie Gardens, or the Vienna Prater. Let it be remembered that in Petersburg everything is accommodated to droshka-driving; that all the gardens and buildings occupy extensive sites; and that the vast *tableaux* are best seen, and their effects best judged of, while the spectator is driving rapidly past them. Engage a four-horse carriage, which is the best vehicle for the purpose, and, having dashed with the swiftness of the wind through the barren parts of *Petrovski Ostroff*, gallop for a while to and fro in the drives of Yelagin and Krestovski, amid the streams of equipages constantly pouring through them on Sundays and holidays. Having thus enjoyed a passing view of the gaily ornamented wooden villas, you may call on some friend, who owns one of these elegant summer palaces, and take tea, or perhaps sup with the family circle in the splendidly furnished datcha. About sunset

hire a boat manned with half-a-dozen stout, active boatmen, and, having rowed through the branches of the Neva, enter the Gulf of Finland. There stop for a while to gaze on the broad disk of the northern summer sun descending into the lap of Thetis; and then your boatmen, singing, drinking all the time, will briskly skim over the surface of the water, rowing completely round some of the islands. This excursion will afford you a perfect idea of the magical effect of a clear midsummer night in Petersburg. The glimmering night-lights in the fishing villages, and the blaze of light issuing from the windows of the brilliantly illuminated datchas, give animation to the picture; while the midnight bustle and movement on the islands (not less active than in the daytime), is distinctly audible from the water. About one o'clock in the morning, when the chilly dew announces the returning sunrise, you glide homeward like a wandering night-ghost. As you pass on to the Perspective observe the beautiful effect of the approaching morning light, as it dawns on the Palace. And when, having slept till about eleven in the forenoon, you draw aside your bed-curtains, recollect your dream of the past night, and no longer wonder why the Peters-

burgers so highly laud the beauty of their Islands."

The Islands, however, have failed to provide sufficient scope for the Petersburger's desire for rustication in the summer. Every year the population of the capital spreads itself out along the sea-coast, up the banks of the Neva, and over the Duderhoff Hills to the south. As far as Sestorietsk on the north and Oranienbaum on the south, opposite the island of Kronstadt, both shores of the Gulf of Finland are lined with pleasant watering-places, and with datchas and palaces nestling among the pine and fir-woods. The shallow gulf affords an ideal coast for bathing. The royal palace and park of Peterhoff are situated on the southern coast, about twenty-one miles from St. Petersburg and four miles from Oranienbaum. The town of Schlussemburg lies on the left bank of the Neva, just where it issues from Lake Ladoga. On the southern heights, about fifteen miles from St. Petersburg, surrounded by woods and streams and parks, are numerous villages, much resorted to in summer, of which the most famous is Tsarskoye Selo (Royal Village). If the visitor has time he should certainly not omit to visit Peterhoff, Tsarskoye Selo, and Schlussemburg.

A branch of the Baltic Railway skirts the coast

as far as Oranienbaum opposite Kronstadt. The station is in the south-west quarter of St. Petersburg, on the banks of the *Obvodni Canal*. The journey to Peterhoff by rail occupies about an hour, and, by steamer, from the English Quay, about an hour-and-a-quarter. It is possible to combine a visit to Peterhoff with a visit to Kronstadt by proceeding first, by steamer, from Vassili Ostroff to Kronstadt, crossing by small steamer to Oranienbaum, and proceeding thence by train or hired carriage (4 miles) to Peterhoff. The best railway station to land at is *Novi* (New) Peterhoff. There is a good buffet restaurant, as is usual at Russian stations, and in *Peterburgskaya Ulitsa*, facing the Royal Palace, is the Hotel Samson. Steamers land their passengers at the Merchants' Harbour (*Kupitcheski Gavan*), near which is the Hotel Bellevue. Tickets of admission to the Palace and other buildings can only be obtained at the office of the Director (*Dvortsovoye Upravlenie*), near the Hotel Samson. The parks, however, are open. There are three great parks, the Lower Park (*Nizhni Sad*), running in terraces along the shore, and the English Park, and the Alexandra Park, in Old Peterhoff and New Peterhoff respectively.

The Royal Palace or Château of Peterhoff is the Russian Versailles. It was built by Peter the Great, from whom springs practically every

element of Imperial greatness to-day, and it has been added to by succeeding sovereigns. The rooms contain many relics of the domestic life of Peter and his successors. One of the rooms is devoted to a collection of 368 pictures of Russian girls in native costume, representing every part of the Empire, presented by the artist, Count Rotari, to Catherine II. Great ingenuity has been shown in varying the costumes, attitudes, and expressions of the sitters, but, in almost every case, the features are French rather than the Slavonic, Tartar, and Finnish types which one would expect.

The grounds offer more features of interest than the Palace. The Lower Park is the most beautiful. Nature has blessed it with magnificent views of the Gulf of Finland, and all the resources of art and wealth have been devoted to its decoration. It slopes down to the beach in terraces laid out in gardens, irrigated by sparkling streams and fountains, and shaded by oaks and limes, some of which Peter planted with his own hands. The waters are collected in ponds and lakelets, in which large fish swim lazily about waiting their appointed meal-times. Out of the waters rise Neptunes, Nymphs, Tritons, dolphins, storks, swans, and fantastic rocks and grottoes copied from the engravings in a famous eighteenth century book on Landscape Gardening, Hir-



THE PALACE AT PETERHOFF

schfeld's *Gartenkunst*. The Samson Fountain, opposite the Palace, sends up a jet of water 80 feet high. On every point of vantage throughout the grounds one finds some fresh surprise in the shape of a small palace, a summer-house, a pavilion, a monument, a maze, or some other elegant caprice. The houses of Marley, the Hermitage, and *Monplaisir* all date from the time of Peter, and reflect his simple tastes. To them he was wont to retire from the stir and bustle of the Palace, and gaze over the Gulf to Kronstadt, where his infant fleet rode at anchor.

The railway to Tsarskoye Selo, the Windsor of St. Petersburg, and to Pavlovsk is as straight as an arrow. The station is in *Zagorodni* Prospect, not far from the south bank of the Fontanka Canal. From the station of arrival to the Palace the cab fare is 25k. The park is open to the public, but application to be shown over the Palace must be made at the Director's office at the corner of *Srednaya* and *Leontievskaya* Streets. Tsarskoye Selo, in spite of its name, is no longer a village, but a bright, clean town of nearly 20,000 inhabitants. There is a good buffet at the railway station, and there are several hotels.

Tsarskoye Selo, like Peterhoff, owes its fame to the discriminating choice of Peter the Great, who selected it for an Imperial residence, and,

with his own hands, planted many of the trees in the grounds. The present palace was built by Elizabeth, and embellished by the lavish hand of Catherine II. There are two palaces, the Old and the New, of which the former is the more interesting. The façade is richly decorated with plaster casts and mouldings. Originally these were all overlaid with gold leaf, which has now completely vanished. It is said that the contractor who was engaged by Catherine to repair the palace offered her 250,000 silver roubles to be allowed to remove the fragments of the gold leaf, which even then showed signs of dilapidation. The extravagant Empress replied: "I am not accustomed to sell my old clothes." The interior decorations are on the most magnificent scale, the styles and fabrics and precious stones of all countries in Europe and Asia having been drawn upon. Pillars, colonnades, vases, arches, steps, balustrades, and mosaics of jasper, agate, porphyry, malachite, rare marbles, lapis-lazuli, mother-of-pearl, and amber dazzle the beholder. One room is entirely panelled with massive fragments of amber. The grounds abound in curious conceits—Turkish kiosks, Chinese pagodas, Dutch farm-houses, Swiss chalets, Greek temples, pavilions, towers, bridges, pyramids, triumphal arches, rostral columns, and bronze statues erected by Catherine to her numerous favourites. The

intense artificiality of all this elegance reflects the Court life of the eighteenth century.

Mr. Kohl thus describes the gardens :—

“The Gardens of Tsarskoye Selo are undoubtedly kept with the greatest care of any in the world. The flowers and trees are inspected and tended with the most anxious vigilance. An old invalid officer conducts hither five or six hundred soldiers to assist the gardeners and overseers. If a leaf drops from a tree an old invalid runs after it to pick it up. After the violent north winds, which blow off thousands of leaves, these poor fellows have, as it may be imagined, enough to do; they have even to fish out every one of those leaves from the ponds and canals, that the surface of the watery mirror may be kept perfectly clear. Everything in these extensive gardens is dusted; the very trees are rubbed and polished like the looking-glasses and furniture in a drawing-room; every pebble that projects in the grand walks is put to rights, every blade of grass that happens to be bent down is straightened.”

Three or four miles farther along the railway is the village of Pavlovsk, with a palace and a park as extensive as that of Tsarskoye Selo, but

laid out with less magnificence but greater charm. This delightful pleasure-ground in the Duderhoff Hills is one of the favourite summer resorts of the St. Petersburg populace. It has a theatre and a first-class restaurant at the Vauxhall, near the station. Numerous datchas and cottages are embosomed in the woods and dotted along the banks of the little Slavyanka River. It is said that there are 100 miles of walks and drives in the park. The natives of the surrounding country are chiefly German colonists, and their houses are very trim and neat.

The railway journey to Schlusselfburg occupies $2\frac{3}{4}$ hours. The station in St. Petersburg is situated on the right bank of the Neva, a considerable distance above the main part of the town. The station of arrival is at Cheremetievka, on the opposite bank to Schlusselfburg, passengers being conveyed across by the ferry. The more agreeable method of making the journey is by one of the river steamers, which leave from the quay opposite the Summer Garden (*Lyetni Sad*) several times a day. The river journey occupies $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours in ascending and an hour less in returning. One can spend several hours in Schlusselfburg and return by the same boat, having meals on board. Just above St. Petersburg the banks of the Neva are lined with large factories. About eight miles up, near the village of Alexandrofski, Thornton's

Woollen Mills may be seen on the north bank. These mills, owned by an English firm, and staffed by managers and foremen from Lancashire and Yorkshire, are the largest in Russia. A little higher up are the Imperial Porcelain and Glass Works, whose products are famous, and the Russian Iron Works. The village of Novi Saratoff is inhabited by a German colony. After this noisy manufacturing region has been passed, the banks are thickly wooded, and picturesque villas and lordly country seats are seen at frequent intervals, till finally Schlusselfburg is reached on the south bank, with the broad sheet of Ladoga spread behind it.

The chief object of interest at Schlusselfburg is the fortress of that name, the Bastille of Russia, which long served as a prison for Nihilists, the most dangerous and dreaded class of political prisoners. Many a strong spirit has been broken, and many a brilliant intellect has been driven to madness in these dungeons. The fortress is built upon a small island just where the Neva issues from the lake. It was founded by the Novgorodians early in the fourteenth century, and was for long an important pawn in the great wars with the Swedes. The town contains about 9000 inhabitants, and is an important commercial and manufacturing centre. The famous Hubbard Cotton Mills, employing many Lancashire

men, are here. Ladoga is connected by canals with the river Volga, and so with the distant Caspian Sea, and many of the inhabitants of Schlusselfburg find employment in this canal traffic.

This brief sketch does not purport to contain an exhaustive list of the features of interest in St. Petersburg and its environs. It probably contains, however, more than the visitor, who has only a few days at his disposal, will be able to include in his programme, and it will guide him to those features which he is likely to find most interesting. The language is the chief difficulty which he will encounter in moving about independently, but if he can speak French or German he will seldom find himself at a loss. The Russian language is almost phonetic, and once one has learned the alphabet a very short vocabulary suffices to carry one along. The political difficulties about which so much is heard abroad hardly exist at all so far as the foreigner provided with a passport is concerned.

APPENDICES

I.—HOTELS, &c.

ÅBO

HOTELS—*Phœnix* : On Alexanderstorget in the centre of the town. Hall Porter speaks English.

Jernvägs hotellet : At the Railway Station.

RESTAURANTS—*Samppalinna* : Finely situated on the southern bank of the river.

Allmänna Promenaden : On the island of Runsalo, connected by bridge with mainland.

Bäckholmen : On another island near Runsalo. Steamer. Sea bathing from this island.

QUAY—The large steamers land their passengers at Åtkanten, near the Castle, about two miles from Alexanderstorget.

CAB FARES—For a journey within the town, 50p. ; by the hour, 2m. ; to Runsalo, 2m.

STEAMBOATS—There is a regular and frequent service of small steamboats down the river to the Castle and to the islands. Fares : To the Castle, 25p. ; to Runsalo, 30p. ; to Bäckholmen, 40p.

HANGÖ

HOTELS—*Grand Hotel* : At the eastern extremity of Boulevardsgatan, overlooking the sea. Rooms from 2m. to 5m. Pension, 100m. per month.

Railway Hotel : Rooms from 3m.

Hotel Continental : Strandgatan.

Pension Bellevue : Less than a mile from the centre of the town, along the Eastern Road, beautifully situated

on shore of the Stora Kolaviken. Rooms from 4m. to 9m. (reduction for a week or longer). Dinner, 3m. Pension, (in addition to room), 100m. per month.

THE HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT comprises a large variety of baths, a restaurant, a reading-room, and a concert hall. The season lasts from June 15 to September 1. The restaurant is open to the public, but, to enjoy the other privileges, visitors must pay a fee of 4m. per week, or 15m. for the season. Reduced rates for families, which gives a right of priority to the baths. Many of the visitors undergo a regular course of diet and baths under the supervision of the medical staff.

HELSINGFORS

HOTELS—*Societetshus* (First Class) : In the Salutorget (Market Square), alongside the quay. English spoken. English newspapers. Rooms from 2.50m. Dinner, 3m.

Hotel Kämp (First Class) : 29 Norra Esplanaden, not far from the quay. English spoken. Rooms from 2m. Dinner, 3m.

Hotel Kleinek : In the Salutorget, near the quay. Rooms from 2m. 50p. Dinner from 2m. 50p.

"*Vilhelmsbad*" *Hotel* : In Railway Station Square. Built of wood. Rooms from 2m. Dinner, 2m.

Jernvägs Hotel : In Railway Station Square.

Nya Hotellet : 8 Glogatan, near station. Rooms from 2m.

"*Kaleva*" *Hotel* : 14 Vestra Henriksgatan, near the end of Norra Esplanaden. Rooms from 2m.

Hotel Patria (Temperance) : 17 Alexandersgatan.

Central Pension (Boarding House) : 46 Alexandersgatan.

RESTAURANTS—Besides the restaurants in the hotels the following are worthy of special notice :—

Kappellet : In the Esplanade. Tables in open air among trees. Band. Favourite resort for late breakfast.

Operakällaren : At the far end of the Esplanade, next Swedish Theatre. Large veranda and balcony. Band.

Brunnshuset : In Brunnspark. Open-air theatre. Tables on veranda.

Klippan: Picturesque building on small island overlooking harbour. Penny steamers from quay. Favourite resort for supper.

Kaisaniemi: In park of same name.

Högholmen: On the island of that name.

Alphyddan: In the Tölö Park.

Nyberg Café: 12 Alexandersgatan.

Smörgås Affair: A "sandwich shop" at west end of Norra Esplanaden. Good resort for light breakfast.

CABS, &C.—The hotel porters generally await the arrival of trains and steamers and see to luggage. At the railway station, to take a cab one applies to the police officer, who hands over a metal disc bearing a number, and at same time calls out the cab by number. The fare from the railway station is 75p. The fare for cabs hired in the streets is 75p. for a single journey within the town. To the Djugarden, 1m.

TRAMWAYS.—There is a good electric tramway system. Fares, 15p. Lines run from the Market Square, south to Brunns-park; north, through Senate Square and across the bridge into Ostra Chausse; and along Alexandersgatan, westwards, to Lappviksgatan; or turning up Henricksgatan and along Vestra Chausse. If passengers have not the exact fare they receive change in small sealed paper packets.

DIRECTORY containing addresses of firms and persons can be seen at the hotels.

BATHS (Finnish)—"Central Bath," 46 Alexandersgatan Passage; "Marienbad," corner of Mariegatan and Kyrkogatan; "Ulrikasborg," in the Brunns-park.

Sea Bathing from huts on the edge of the Brunns-park.

IMATRA

FARES FROM VIBORG—*By Rail*: Single (First Class) 6m. 25p.; (Second Class) 3m. 75p. Return Double Fare.

By Saima Canal to Rättijärvi and thence by diligence, 39 kilometres: 11m. For time-table ask at hotel.

By Saima Canal to Willmanstrand, 4m.; thence by lake steamer to Vuokseniska, 3m.; thence 7 kilometres by rail

(First Class) 95p. ; (Second Class) 55p. ; or carriage 1.50m. to Imatra.

HOTELS—*Grand Hotel Cascade*: Modern and up to date. Picturesquely situated on right bank overlooking rapids. English speaking waiter. Rooms from 3m. to 40m. Breakfast, *à la carte*. Dinner, 4m. Pension, 13m. per day.

Pension Egberg: $\frac{1}{2}$ kilometre from station. Rooms from 2m. Pension, 5m. to 8m. per day. Highly recommended.

Tourist Hotel: Near station. Rooms from 2m. Good food.

Pension Rauha: 7 kilometres from Imatra, beautifully situated on shores of Lake Saima. Pension, 8m. per day, 35m. per week.

KAJANA

HOTEL—*Tourist Hotel*: Rooms from 2m. 50p.

FISHING—For permits, boats, men, and all information apply to M. Herman Renfors, of Kajana, who speaks English.

KUOPIO

HOTELS—*Societetshuset*: In Drottningsgatan (Swedish), or Kuningattarencatu (Finnish), Street. Rooms from 2m. 50p.

Ivonen: In same street.

RESTAURANTS—In addition to the hotels.

Stadshus restaurantionen, in the Town Hall Buildings, on the Salutorget or Kauppatori (Market Square).

Väinölänniemi: In the park of same name.

CAB FARES—Within the town, 25p. To the Baths and the bathing place in the park, 25p. To the Väinölänniemi Restaurant, 50p. To Mount Puijo, 2m.

KEXHOLM

HOTEL—*Societetshuset*.

SORDOVALA

HOTEL—*Societetshuset*: At corner of Karialankatu and Rauhuonenukatu.

NYSLOTT

HOTELS—*Tourist Hotel*: Facing the Market Place, one minute's walk from quay. With restaurant. Comfortable rooms and moderate charges.

Gästgifveri: Facing the Castle at the extreme eastern end of Olavinkatu. Cheap and comfortable.

Villas: Rooms may be had by the week in a number of villas belonging to the St. Olafsbad Company on the island of Salusaari. Drive to the Villa Kontor, Salusaari.

Furnished Apartments are also to be had in various parts of the town.

RESTAURANTS—The Hotel. The Casino at the Baths. The Hungerborg or Summer Restaurant, on a picturesque height in the centre of the town in Koulukatu (School Street).

CABS—For any journey within the town bounds the tariff is 25p. One must bargain for a journey beyond the bounds.

BOATS—A small steam launch may be hired. Inquire at the Ångbåts Kontor (steamship office) on the quay. Small rowing and sailing boats may also be hired.

ST. PETERSBURG

HOTELS—*Hotel de l'Europe*: Michaelofskaya Street. First-class modern hotel. English spoken. Large reading-room. Rooms from R2 ; lunch, R1 ; dinner, R2 ; pension from R6 to R10 during summer.

Hotel de France (Gostinitza Frantsiya): Bolshaya Morskaya Street. First Class. English spoken. Reading-room. Rooms from R2 ; lunch, 75k. ; dinner, R1.50.

Hotel Bellevue: Opposite Hotel de France. Same proprietor.

Hotel d'Angleterre: Opposite St. Isaac's Cathedral. Rooms from R2 ; lunch, 75k. ; dinner, R1.50.

Grand Hotel de Paris: Malaya Morskaya.

Grand Hotel: Malaya Morskaya.

Hotel du Nord (Severnaya Gostinitza): Opposite the Nicholas (Moscow) Railway Station at the end of the Nevski.

RESTAURANTS—Besides the Restaurants at the Hotel de l'Europe and the Hotel de France, the following require special notice. (See page 264.)

Donon: Moika Canal, 24, near where a bridge crosses from Palace Square.

Contant: Moika Canal, 58, near where Gorokhovaya Street crosses.

Cubat: Bolshaya Morskaya.

Medved (The Bear): Bolshaya Konyushennaya Street, 27.

Maly Yaroslavets: Next door to Hotel de France.

Palkine: Nevski Prospect, corner of Vladimir Prospect. Also at the summer Theatre "Gardens." (See page 265.)

CABS—No tariff; a bargain should be made before setting out. (See pp. 219-20.) From 30k. to R1, according to distance. The electric tramways have now been installed.

STEAMBOATS—Small steamers (fares from 2 to 10 copecks) ply on the Neva and on the chief canals.

POST OFFICE (Pochtamt)—In Pochtamtorskaya Street, near St. Isaac's Cathedral.

ENGLISH LIBRARY AND BOOK SHOP (Watkins)—Bolshaya Morskaya, 36, first floor.

BRITISH EMBASSY—Facing the Neva, at the Troitski Bridge.

TAMMERFORS

HOTELS—*Societetshuset*: On the Salutorget or Market Square; a wooden building.

Stadshotellet: In Kauppakatu, just off the Market Square.

Hotel Lindroos: In Puutarhakatu, just round the corner from the Societetshuset.

Hotel Wasa and Café Bauer: Opposite railway station.

Gästgifveri: A posting inn, in Kauppakatu.

CAB FARES—For a journey in the town, 50p.

STEAMBOATS—There is a regular and frequent service on both lakes, Puhäjärvi and Näsijärvi, and circular tours may be made lasting either an hour or a day at a small cost.

ULEÅBORG

HOTELS—*Societetshuset*.

Gästgifvargården: A posting inn, 45 Stora Nygatan.

VIBORG

HOTELS—*Societetshuset*: In Rådhusstorget, opposite the Russian Church. Chief waiter speaks English. Rooms from 4m. Dinner from 2m. 50p.

Hotel Andrea: In Kyrkogatan, at end of Katarinegatan, near the Castle and the quay. Comfortable rooms from 2m. 50p. Restaurant.

Hotel Belvedere: Alexander's Perspektivet. Rooms from 4m.

Hotel Continental, Hotel Europe, and Hotel Central: All near the railway station.

Hotel Imatra: In Svartmunkegatan.

RESTAURANTS—In addition to the Hotels there are :—

Esplanade Pavilion: Beautifully situated among the trees in the esplanade. Tables in open air. Music.

Restaurant St. Anne: Across the Åbo Bridge, near the Castle; beautifully situated among the trees in St. Anne Promenade. A favourite resort.

RAILWAY STATION—On the edge of the town about a mile from the quay. The platform for the Imatra trains is across the line from the booking-office on the right. Porters charge 20p. per packet.

CAB FARES—From the station, 45p.; journey within the town, 25p.; to the suburbs, 50p.; to Mons Repos, 1m.

BATHS—Good Finnish Baths in Katerinegatan.

SEA-BATHING—There are bathing-sheds for ladies and for gentlemen at the foot of the cliff, on the western sea-front. Key of shed, 15p.; towels, 15p.

II.—HINTS TO TRAVELLERS

PASSPORTS.—A passport is absolutely essential in Russia, and is very useful in Finland for purposes of identification at *Post Restante*, banks, &c. The Foreign Office charges a fee of 2s. for each passport, and the Russian Consul also charges a fee of 4s. for his "visa." The traveller who does not live in London will probably find it most convenient to obtain his passport through the Steamship Company or Tourist Agency, which charges an inclusive fee. The passport must be "vised" again before leaving Russia. This will be attended to by the hotel proprietor on twenty-four hours' notice of departure.

MONEY.—The Finnish mark is exactly equivalent to the French franc. The approximate exchange value is 25 Finnish marks to the English pound sterling. The Finnish mark contains 100 "penni." Notes are issued by the Bank of Finland to the value of 5, 10, 20, 100, and 500 marks.

The Russian rouble contains 100 copecks, each of which is almost exactly equivalent to an English farthing. The approximate rate of exchange is $9\frac{1}{2}$ roubles to the English pound sterling, and 1 rouble is equal to 2s. 1d. in English. The visitor will find it a great convenience to obtain at the hotel a plentiful supply of the small silver coinage—10, 15, and 20 copecks. Paper money is much used.

MAPS.—An excellent atlas of Finland ("Finland kartbok"), with plans of all the principal towns, is published by the Finnish Tourist Association, and may be obtained in any book-shop in Helsingfors.

A "plan" of St. Petersburg may be obtained in any of the book-shops there.

RAILWAYS.—The time-table ("tidtabellen"), price 30 penni, published by the Finnish Tourist Association, and obtainable at any book-shop or railway bookstall, contains the fullest information as to trains and steamers, and is absolutely indispensable to the traveller. It also contains an excellent railway map. The time-table is printed in Swedish and Finnish, but after a little study the English visitor will find no difficulty in understanding it. A short explanation of the

signs and contractions is given in English at the beginning. Distances measured in kilometres (two-thirds of a mile) are shown in a separate column in each table, and a special table shows the fares, according to distance. The first-class fare is equal to the second and third added together. The rates are extremely low, and the accommodation in both first and second-class is most comfortable. An extra charge of 6 marks (second-class), and 12 marks (first-class), is made for the sleeping wagon. Excellent buffets, with very moderate charges, are provided at the principal stations *en route*, the trains stopping from ten to fifteen minutes.

MOSQUITOS.—Travellers in the interior of Finland should provide themselves with mosquito face-nets for sleeping in.

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